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Travel

Barometer Goes Up

Last Year's Gains on Atlantic Lines Herald Prosperity

"On the theory that foreign travel is an excellent barometer of general economic trends, this marked gain in passenger traffic is an indication of improved business conditions."

That is how James Craig Peacock, Director, Shipping Board Bureau, Department of Commerce, writing in *Travel Trade*, welcomes figures compiled by the Transatlantic Passenger Conference showing a gain of 23,654 fares last year over 1934.

There were 594,698 east and westbound passengers on North Atlantic lines in 1935, as compared with 571,044 in 1934.

Shipping men note an encouraging sign in the 1935 returns in that increases are shown in the higher-priced first-class and cabin accommodations.

American Ships Profit

That 1936 will be even better than 1935 from the standpoint of increased travel to and from Europe is the consensus of travel experts. This ocean-travel boom is reflected in greater patronage of American-flag liners, as well as foreign vessels. In *Travel Trade*, Mr. Peacock writes:

"The Shipping Board Bureau's continuing survey of travel in the North Atlantic shows that, in the movement of passengers from abroad, American ships have more than held their own, notwithstanding the severe competition encountered from foreign superliners, built especially to attract American trade. Tho far outclassed in the number of available accommodations, American ships have carried proportionately more of the traffic. . . .

"In spite of these favorable reports, the American Merchant Marine is by no means securing its share of the rich passenger traffic of the North Atlantic, by far the greater portion of which is made up of American travelers."

Boom Heralded

Early advance reservations for transatlantic travel this year foreshadow even greater gains, according to the American Express Company's "Monthly Survey Forecast on World Travel Tendencies."

This analysis finds that "Optimism for transatlantic European summer travel is justified by the substantial May and June reservations placed during January."

There is greater travel optimism in Britain, too, cabled comment to THE LITERARY DIGEST indicates:

The Journal of Commerce & Shipping Telegraph (Liverpool) notes that "An encouraging sign is the increasing travel between Europe and America. The most striking feature is a big increase in the number of first-class passengers."

To *Syren & Shipping* (London) "The increase in transatlantic passenger carriage in 1935 indicates a gradual return to prosperity on both sides of the Atlantic."

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Ships and Shipping

"All a Sailor Could Ask For"

Thus Commodore Sir Edgar Britten Epitomizes Queen Mary, *Cunard White Star's Flag-Ship; Her Skipper Will Supervise Tests Soon*

"It has been the nation's will that she should be completed, and, to-day we can send her forth, no longer a number on the books, but a ship with a name in the world, alive with beauty, energy, and strength."

Thus spoke Britain's "Sailor King," the late George V, sixteen months ago, when his wife gave her name to the Cunard White Star Line's "No. 534," and the ship became the animated, vital superliner R.M.S. *Queen Mary*. On March 24, the liner will leave her birthplace, John Brown's shipyard on the Clyde, for the new Southampton drydock.

A few weeks afterward, her size, speed, dignity, and power will be tested beyond the Heads of Arran, in the Firth of Clyde. She will leave Southampton for New York on her first trip on May 27.

These trials will be conducted with comparative secrecy. Of the 560 aboard, only Commodore Sir Edgar Britten, her skipper, will know just when the tests actually have begun and ended.

During the tests, messages will be exchanged between Sir Edgar and the engine-room in code, instead of by telephone, giving details of the *Queen Mary's* speed and behavior.

Skipper's Pride

When he went to Scotland to take command of the Cunard White Star's new flagship, the line's senior seagoing officer, an unassuming, quiet, pleasant - mannered sailor of stocky build and medium height, wearing a rough tweed suit, swelled with pride as he predicted:

"She'll be easy to handle, and a fine sailer: That's all a sailor could ask for.

"The life of a ship's captain sounds easy to some, but there are heavy responsibilities, and I do not get much time for myself. Afloat, I am king of a small community, but no king can rule without efficient Ministers of State, and much of my work would be impossible without tried and trusted officers."

A genial host, the skipper is thoroughly respected by his crew. Altho not the sternest of masters, he manages to get things done through respect and admiration, rather than by using the iron hand. He is not bluff, or gruff, but more of the paternalist.

Sailing Days

The Commodore's sea-service goes back, forty years, to wind-jammer days on the bark *Jessie Osborne*, trading with the West Coast of South America, each voyage taking him around blustery Cape Horn. He went with the Cunard Line in 1901 as the *Iverna's* junior officer. He moved ahead rapidly until, in 1914, he was skipper of the *Phrygia*, in the Mediterranean service. His next ship was the War-famous *Campania*.

Since then Britten has been staff-captain of the *Aquitania*, and skipper of nine other Cunarders. He was knighted two years ago. He is married, and has one daughter.

E. Thomas Cook, writing in *The Empire Review*, describes the *Queen Mary's* engine-room, where the turbines already are turning, tho she budges not the fraction of an inch:

"The really strange thing about the engine-room on this particular afternoon was that it was quite silent.

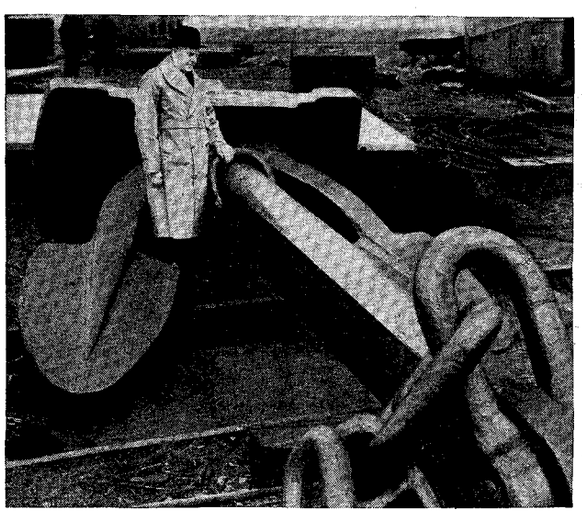
"I inquired why all were so quiet, and the guide replied that the workmen were using their hands to adjust the turbines, gearing, and propeller-shafts, so that they might be correct in their alinement to the nearest one-thousandth of an inch. I nodded understandingly."

"They are talking about this, the biggest moment in John Brown's shipyard since the launching," remarks *The News Chronicle* (London). "The experts say there will be no vibration.

"They have taken all precautions against it, the greatest being the fining down of the machinery to a five-hundredth part of an inch.

"A man who worked on the engines, and who wanted to bet that one could set up a billiard-table and play snooker on any deck while the engines were running at full speed, concluded his challenge with the words:

" 'Aye, we admit we're guid.' "



Cunard White Star Photograph

Commodore Sir Edgar Britten, commander of the Queen Mary, *examining one of the liner's sixteen-ton anchors*

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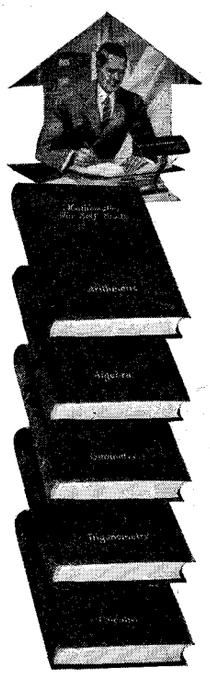

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CONTENTS

TOPICS OF THE DAY
Talmadge Rallies Democratic Rebels..... 5
Political Name-Calling 5
"Keynoting" by Landon and Borah..... 6
The TVA Light in the Cowshed..... 7
"Hylan's Folly" Now Free Port..... 8
Tariff Aid to Farmers..... 8
Clashing Opinions on Bonus Payment..... 9
Marine Band in Teapot Tempest..... 10
Aid to Long Also Dies..... 10

FOREIGN COMMENT
New Moves on Europe's Chess-Board..... 12
Nazidom's *Anno IV* Jubilation..... 13
New Fleets for Old..... 13
Italy Unleashes "Hell on Wheels"..... 14
Tension on Three-Point Frontier..... 15
Hercules vs. Greek Political *Hydra*..... 16

RELIGION AND SOCIAL SERVICE
Churchyard as National Shrine..... 17
Herald of Cooperation..... 17
Two Verdicts on Flaming Youth..... 18

DRAMA AND MUSIC
On the Current Screen..... 19
Theater Creates Its Springtime..... 20
Toscanini: "One-Track Mind" 24
Composers Take Bows..... 24

LETTERS AND ART
News of the Book World..... 26
Current Poetry 28

LAW AND ORDER
Verdict in *Morro Castle* Tragedy..... 30
Mother's Creed Costly..... 30

SCIENCE AND MEDICINE
Guide-Book of Medicines..... 32
Cabbage and Humor..... 32
"Acid-Minded" Eaters..... 34
Living 100 Years..... 34

LABOR
Lewis Bloc Defiant in A. F. of L. Feud..... 35

PERSONS AND PERSONALITIES
British Heir Knows the Answers..... 36
Fighter for the Veterans..... 36

SPORT AND SPORTSMEN
Baseball Precedent 37
Sport Shots..... 38

TRAVEL
Barometer Goes Up..... 2

SHIPS AND SHIPPING
"All a Sailor Could Ask For" 3

MISCELLANEOUS
Topics in Brief..... 11
The Lexicographer's Easy Chair..... 29
The Open Forum..... 42
Current Events..... 43
What's the Name, Please?..... 43
The Spice of Life..... 44

FINANCE AND INDUSTRY
Bonus Financing Vexes Congress..... 39
Governors for Nation's Banks..... 40
Caravan of Progress..... 40
Business Notes 41

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The Literary Digest

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 8, 1936

TOPICS OF THE DAY

Talmadge Rallies Democratic Rebels

Assails New Deal "Communists" at Southern Meeting; Press Speculates on Effect of Mutiny, Along With Those of Smith and Long Forces

The snapping of suspenders—red suspenders—soon will be heard in the land as the "wild man from Sugar Creek," otherwise His Excellency, the Democratic Governor of Georgia, Eugene Talmadge, starts his nation-wide drive to belabor the New Deal and fight the man behind it.

It's war. For months the slender, black-haired, tempestuous Georgian has been engaged in skirmishes with the Administration, taking occasional shots at the White House. To-day he is ready for a heavy campaign, which he plans to carry far beyond the borders of his own State.

Not only has he a platform on which to stand, but he also carries the indorsement of the Democratic rally at Macon, Georgia, last week, which vented its wrath at the New Deal in sizzling gusts of oratory.

The "grass roots" Macon Convention, a turbulent gathering of Jeffersonian Democrats representing seventeen Southern and border States, called upon him to lead a fight against the New Deal "Communists."

Governor Talmadge did not say whether or not he would be a candidate for the Democratic Presidential nomination in opposition to President Roosevelt. He did say that any man who denied he would like to be President was "either crazy or a liar"—and he was neither.

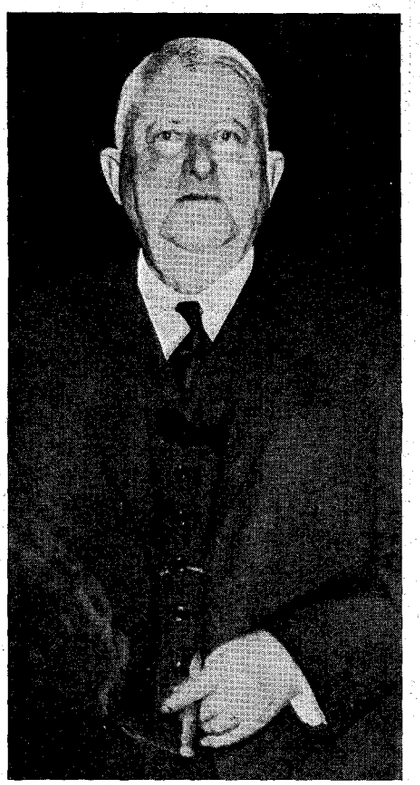
Macon's Convention came four days after Alfred E. Smith had assailed the New Deal in his Liberty League dinner speech. Both events set the political analysts to weighing their possible effect on Mr. Roosevelt's chances of reelection.

There were 3,500 at the Macon Convention, instead of the 10,000 predicted. But the 3,500 made up for the empty seats by working up enough enthusiasm for three times their number.

Rebel Yells

Rebel yells were mingled with shouts, cheers, and the music of the band. Every speaker assailed the New Deal and every speaker was applauded. Epithets fell like rain—"Communists," "betrayers," "Rasputin of the White House."

Cosponsor of the rally, John H. Kirby, wealthy Texan and a leader of the Southern Committee to Uphold the Constitution, introduced Governor Talmadge. The Governor kept his coat on, but he ripped into the New Deal with such vigor that his black hair fell into his eyes.



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Anti-Roosevelt, pro-Talmadge: John H. Kirby, "Grass Roots" fighter from Texas

Another fiery speaker was a lieutenant of the late Senator Huey P. Long of Louisiana—the Rev. Gerald L. K. Smith, smooth-talking, table-pounding head of Long's Share-Our-Wealth clubs. "The foes of Roosevelt," he said, "are the friends of Louisiana."

When it was all over—and Mr. Kirby said it was the first time that Southern Democrats had ever staged such a rally—a platform was adopted.

It denounced "regimentation" of free citizens. It called for a return to the Constitution and to the 1932 Democratic platform.

An echo of Talmadge's radio speech sounded in Washington when the Federal Communications Commission ordered an examination be made of the Governor's attack on the President. Correspondents believed the Commission may act to bar from the air all such personal criticism.

Of the scores of editorials examined by THE LITERARY DIGEST, none had much praise for the Talmadge movement. But the views of the Macon Convention were warmly expressed by Mr. Kirby, who said:

"He [Talmadge] is a plumed knight on an errand for the Republic who refuses to bend to dictatorship or barter the sovereign rights of his State for Federal gold."

Voices of Scorn

Scorn for the Macon Convention is freely expressed by Democratic papers. "Only a political 'dud,'" says the Atlanta *Constitution* (Dem.), and the Montgomery *Advertiser* (Dem.) refers to it as "the funny affair at Macon."

Turning to the political analysts, Mark Sullivan is found expressing this view in the New York *Herald-Tribune* (Ind.-Rep.):

"It is just possible that a third party movement confined to the South might carry one or two States and subtract ten or twenty or thirty electors from Mr. Roosevelt's strength. That number of electors might be material in a close election, for the total number of electors is only 531 and the number required to win is 266."

"Such dissatisfaction as there is with the New Deal in the South," said the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* (Ind.-Dem.), "exists among men who never rise to the call of a Talmadge."

Summarily dismissing the Maconites, the Charleston (Miss.) *Sun* (Ind.) says:

"The malcontents and muttonheads who met in Macon to cheer Georgia's insurgent Governor in his invectives may as well take a walk with Al Smith.

"They no more represent the South than the Liberty League represents America."

Political Name-Calling

Name-callers in high political circles went on such a rampage last week that the New York *World-Telegram* dubbed it "You're Another Week."

Outstanding in the general mêlée was the set-to between two political "lovers once but strangers now"—Alfred E. Smith and his Presidential campaign running-mate of 1928, Senator Joseph T. Robinson of Arkansas.

For all the world to hear and read they gave tit for tat over the radio and in the press in their falling-out over the New Deal.

Counting the blows, political observers speculated on whether Mr. Smith's threat to "take a walk" if the Democratic Party indorsed the New Deal meant that the "walk" might become a bolt favorable to the G.O.P. They wondered, too, if the followers of Smith and Gov. Eugene Tal-

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madge of Georgia might not join forces to fight the Roosevelt Administration.

Some Democratic editors side with the man who made the brown derby famous, tho others indorse Senator Robinson's "hands of Esau" speech assailing Smith for turning against the New Deal.

The broad and brawny Senator Robinson, giving the Administration's answer to Smith's recent attack at the Liberty League's Washington dinner, pictured him as "enthroned in the camp of the enemy"—"the brown derby has been discarded for the high hat."

Quoting Smith against himself, the Senate leader read the record to "prove that you have advocated every basic principle that has been written into law by the Roosevelt Administration."

It did not take Mr. Smith long to reply. "Poor Joe," he said. "I'm sorry for him; they put him on a tough spot. He did the best he knew how, but it was no answer. As I said in my speech at the Liberty League dinner, there is only one man who should try to answer me."

In Chicago, Col. Frank Knox, a candidate for the Republican Presidential nomination, said that Mr. Smith's speech "unquestionably will have the effect of swinging millions of Democratic votes to the support of the Republican ticket next fall."

On the other hand, Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes predicted that the number of Progressive Republicans voting for Mr. Roosevelt would greatly exceed the Democrats who might "take a walk."

Another development was an announcement by John J. Raskob, former Chairman of the Democratic National Committee and manager of Smith's 1928 Campaign, that he had sent a letter to 150,000 men and women inviting them to back the Liberty League's campaign to "root out the vicious radical element that threatens the destruction of our Government."

Press Comment

"Smith's retaliation charging Robinson evaded the issues was even weaker than his original speech," says *The Arkansas Democrat* (Dem.), and the Raleigh *News and Observer* (Dem.) thinks that "Senator Robinson's demonstration of the extent of Al Smith's betrayal of Al Smith's own convictions should arouse less anger with Smith than pity for him. He will not injure the Democratic Party from which, long ago, he 'took a walk' to the Liberty League."

Siding with Mr. Smith, the Dallas *Morning News* (Ind.-Dem.) says that he "will be answered, but his arguments will be ignored. Senator Robinson's reply is typical. He attacks the Governor as a turncoat, ignores the pointed Smith contention that the Party itself is a traitor to its principles."

"If Mr. Smith must be held to what he said in 1933," comments the Boston *Post* (Ind.-Dem.), "then President Roosevelt should be held to what he said in 1932, and, on this basis, the case against the President is overwhelming.

"The Robinson reply seems rather cheap and undignified."

"Keynoting" by Landon and Borah

Kansan Spotlighted at Home, Idahoan in East; Press Weighs Their Solutions of Nation's Problems; Contrasts in Philosophy Noted

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Taking a broader view: Governor Landon of Kansas turns to national politics

As a candidate for President, the Governor of Kansas has "adopted my Christened" name—Alfred Mossman Landon.

"Nobody has ever called me more than 'Alf,' and I like to be so saluted," he said last week. "But if I stuck to 'Alf,' I am afraid some critics might think I was doing so for political effect."

His speech the night before at Topeka had turned the State's seventy-fifth birthday jubilee into a Presidential campaign coming-out party.

A day or two later, Governor Landon announced that he would explain his stand on every public question well in advance of the Republican Convention in June.

The night before his Topeka speech, far away in Brooklyn, other Republicans had slipped across icy sidewalks to hear the senior Senator from Idaho at a "Borah-for-President" rally.

Like Governor Landon, Senator Borah did not officially announce entry in the race for President, but he did refer once to "the other candidates."

His speech, the Hartford *Courant* (Rep.) believes, "did not materially further his candidacy." It adds, however:

"Much of what he said was not only sound, but appealing. His position with regard to neutrality [complete isolation] accords with the sentiment of the majority of the people at the present time, and his declaration against the Townsend Plan finally clears him of the charge of favoring this delusive scheme for relieving old age.

Constitutional Expert

"Moreover, his discussion of the Constitution, in which he ably protested amendment by usurpation, revealed him once more as perhaps the best equipped man in the Republican Party to deal with the constitutional issue that has been raised."

The Boston *Globe* (Ind.) was disappointed.

"The vision of wild Bill Borah riding furiously out of the West, waving his broad-brimmed hat in honor of progressive principles and scaring Eastern Republicans to death, has dissolved. In its place appears an elderly person plodding dutifully in the wake of a regular G.O.P. elephant.

"It had been thought that he would start a real drive for the liberalization of the Republican platform and for the nomination of a progressive candidate. . . . But the speech lacked fire."

Neither did Governor Landon prove himself a "rough rider" to the Boston paper. Like *The Globe*, other newspapers find comparison of the two speeches inevitable.

The Kansas Governor had attacked the "appalling waste and extravagance" of the New Deal and called for constitutional economic reform.

Kansas as Model

Recovery must precede reform, he said, and unemployment must be solved by business recovery based on confidence in national credit and in the soundness of money. He cited Kansas as a model for budget-balancing and low taxes, and championed the Constitution as the "balance wheel of progress." For farmers he would devise a legal, nonpartizan program giving agriculture equality with industry.

"We need desperately a cheaper, simpler, and more responsible administration throughout the nation," he summarized.

"The Kansan's [speech] is better balanced, more comprehensive, closer to the ground and generally more impressive," says the Boston *Herald* (Rep.).

Noting that Governor Landon is much younger (he is forty-eight; Senator Borah is seventy), the Providence *Journal* (Ind.) recognizes the Governor's "country-wide reputation as an economy-serving State executive," adding:

"There is a fundamental contrast between him and the Senator from Idaho, who has been a national rather than a State

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Opening in the East: Senator Borah of Idaho starts his campaign in New York

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figure, while Mr. Landon's reputation has been made at the State Capitol in Topeka.

"Both have undoubted elements of strength derived from different sources. Borah is an idealist and a born orator; he is also a combination of radical and conservative. Landon is a pragmatist; his reputation is based on things unostentatiously accomplished in the course of the day's work."

In many editorials, the Kansas executive emerged as the "common-sense" candidate. His remarks carried "the eloquence of sincerity" to the Topeka *State Journal* (Ind.-Rep.), and, to the Topeka *Capitol* (Rep.), "the language of those Americans. neither rich nor poor, who must maintain our institutions and our liberties."

The Kansas City *Star* (Ind.) saw "a calm man speaking with the authority that can come only from a record of achievement," and the Wichita *Beacon* (Ind.) "a masterly presentation of sound facts and conscientious reason."

The Lincoln (Neb.) *Star* (Ind.-Dem.) set out to puncture the "Landon balloon," which had been "filled generously and tenderly."

Frugality Questioned

"Governor Landon has been hailed as a 'budget-balancer,'" said that paper's Editor. "After three days of poring over the figures this writer could find no foundation for the claim. He has been crowned for his frugality in State Government. Yet he added two new State taxes within the first two years of his Administration . . . with no correspondingly significant decreases in real-estate taxes."

While Hearst newspapers boost him as "no radio crooner" and a "patriot," Walter Davenport declares in *Colliers* that Governor Landon is building a Republican platform with Roosevelt planks.

"We happened to discover the answer altho we can't tell you how," he writes. "He would do precisely what Franklin Roosevelt has done. In fact, he would stand for quite a number of things that Franklin Roosevelt stands for.

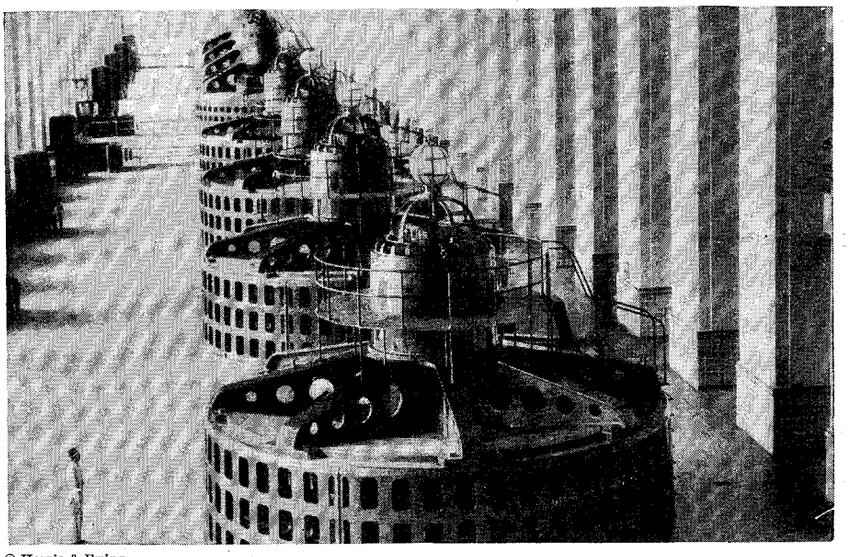
"He would abolish child labor by Federal constitutional amendment. He likes the Federal Administration's Social Security legislation. He would not fight Senator Wagner's Labor Bill, nor take serious exception to Senator Guffey's coal-regulation ideas. He is for AAA subsidies to farmers and, while decidedly opposed to inflation, doesn't join Messrs. Hoover, Mills, and Fletcher when they sob broken-heartedly over the debauched dollar.

"Banking reform? He's for that, altho nobody (including himself) knows whether his heart is with Carter Glass or Mr. Marriner Eccles of the Federal Reserve System."

Mr. Davenport is positive Landon can not be ignored by his Party chiefs, even tho he is "a Republican who doesn't think the Constitution is in dire peril, who believes that honest progress has been made by the Democratic Administration, who has no gipsy incantation nor laboratory cantrip for prosperity-revival, who has no smart-cracks for Mr. Roosevelt nor trick names for flagging the Brain Trust."

The TVA Light in the Cowshed

Supreme Court Scrutiny of New Deal Power Project's Legality Reopens Discussion of Its Social and Economic Aspects



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Power: energy from these generators at Wilson Dam is sold wholesale by the TVA to communities and farmers' cooperatives in the Tennessee Valley

Little Tupelo, in the northeast corner of Mississippi, was the first town to buy electric power from the New Deal's Tennessee Valley Authority, set up in 1933. Citizens marched through the streets bearing banners which read: "When the moon comes over the cowshed, there'll be a light inside."

Since then, cities and rural areas in twenty-two counties in Alabama, Mississippi, and Tennessee have purchased electricity from the TVA. Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia, and Kentucky also have felt the effects of the many-sided activities linked with the project.

For a month, towns like Tupelo and the 12,750 employed in dam-building and other construction tasks along the watershed of the winding, yellow Tennessee have looked toward Washington.

At one of its Monday sessions the Supreme Court would hand down a decision that might dim or put out altogether the light in the cowshed. Minority stockholders of the Alabama Power Company had asked a court test of their objection to the company's sale of transmission lines to the TVA.

Solicitor General Stanley Reed, defending the TVA before the Court, had argued that it was primarily an aid to navigation.

A New Thing

"Of course, that is bosh," said Raymond Clapper, Scripps-Howard columnist. "TVA is a vast social project, designed to provide plentiful cheap power, to serve as a yardstick, and to bestow the blessings of the electrical age upon the population of seven States in the Tennessee River basin. . . ."

The Public Utilities Fortnightly, alarmed at a government electric-power program which, "including some associated work in the way of navigation, reclamation, flood control, etc., already involves expenditures aggregating more than a billion," said:

"This tremendous investment is ostensibly designed to provide abundance of 'cheap' electricity—already enjoyed through private enterprise by approximately four-fifths of the families in the country."

Ben Hibbs, writing in *The Country Gentleman*, concluded:

"Viewing the Government's venture into the power business, most of us are apt to be beset by conflicting emotions.

"John Taxpayer of Connecticut or Kansas turns envious eyes toward the northeast corner of Mississippi and says to himself that it would be pretty doggone nice to have some of that three-cent juice in his own locality. Of course it would! But if John makes a habit of thinking—and sometimes he does—it may occur to him that thus far the United States Treasury is subsidizing the cheap government kilowatt. He may find himself wondering about national deficits and the mountainous load of taxes which his children will have to shoulder."

Social Aspects

The social aspects of the undertaking outweigh pleas for the utilities and future taxpayers, in the opinion of Rupert B. Vance, North Carolina sociologist, writing in the Atlanta *Constitution*.

"The Tennessee River, asserts a metropolitan daily that feels the slow dull ache of the taxpayer's nerves, flows through five States and drains all forty-eight," he wrote. "But what is a dull ache to this paper of Republican persuasions has become a sharp, insistent pain to certain Southern utilities.

"The social and economic plan for the Valley is breath-taking in its scope; it provides for navigation, military defense, erosion control, reforestation, fertilizer production, new agriculture, and new industries. There can be no denial that the region and the nation will gain something."

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"Hylan's Folly" Now Free Port

"White Elephant" Piers Become Duty-Free Zone for Transshipments; U. S. Copies Idea Which Boomed Famous Foreign Harbors

Staten Island's "white elephant" is about to change color.

When, at the close of the World War, the late Mayor John F. Hylan had New York City build Municipal Piers Nos. 12, 13, 15, and 16, at Stapleton, Staten Island, at $1,000,000 each, he was a target for easy japes. The piers became "Hylan's Folly."

Now, they will be a nucleus for America's first free foreign-trade zone. Congress authorized establishment of such zones—which, abroad, would be known as free ports—on June 12, 1934.

Fairchild Aerial Surveys, Inc. From Wide World

The first free port in the United States will be established at the Staten Island piers, New York City, shown in the upper part of this picture

Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Encyclopedia defines a free port as follows:

Free Port, a harbor where the ships of all nations may enter on paying a moderate and uniform toll and load and unload. Free ports form depots where goods are stored at first without paying duty. These goods may then be reshipped for export on paying a mere transit duty, or they may pay the usual full customs duty of the country and be admitted for home consumption. Free ports thus facilitate transit trade and form a foreign district within a State.

Europe's principal free ports are Copenhagen, Danzig, and Hamburg.

Other free ports or free zones in Germany are Bremen, Bremerhaven, Brake, Cuxhaven, Geestemünde, Emden, Stettin.

Sweden offers shippers facilities at Stockholm, Gottenborg, and Malmö, while Finland has a free harbor at Hangö.

There are free zones at Trieste and Fiume, Italy.

Washington's authorization of the free zone for foreign trade on Staten Island came after a two-year struggle; the Congressional act was only a flashy first round.

Credit for final victory goes to Fiorello H. LaGuardia, the swart, chunky, pugnacious Mayor of New York, and to Joseph A. Palma, President of the Borough of Richmond (Staten Island), who is a veteran of fourteen years in the United States Secret Service.

The Staten Island Advance, expunging the "Hylan's Folly" sobriquet, also gave credit to the late Mayor with:

"It was Hylan who perceived the unexploited seaport possibilities of Staten Island's East Shore, on the threshold of the country's greatest harbor. It was Hylan under whose direction the City piers were built while the trade of this port was thriving. It was not Hylan's fault that world trade began to lag, and business and industry came upon evil days. . . .

"Now that the Federal Government, thanks to the unwavering efforts of Mayor LaGuardia and Borough President Palma, has approved of the piers as the site of the country's first free-trade zone, the dream of John F. Hylan is about to be realized."

Trade-Papers Split

Whether realization of that dream will benefit the American mercantile marine is an arguable question to foreign-trade and shipping journals published at New York.

Marine Engineering and Shipping Review rejoices:

"Establishment of a free-port zone on Staten Island will aid American shipping, add to the prestige and usefulness of the Port of New York, and pave the way for creating similar zones in other ports.

"History shows that free-port zones abroad have increased the volume of shipping, and benefited the commercial activities adjacent to the free ports.

"Transshipment, warehousing, and port charges are reduced, and additional shipping lines are attracted to the free-port zones. In the case of the New York free port, work will immediately be provided for thousands of the unemployed."

But *The New York Forwarder and Foreign Shipper* flatly disagrees:

"Thorough investigation has failed to reveal any current need for a free port at New York. The trite question as to what business the free zone will attract still remains unanswered.

"Practically all authorities have been solidly alined against the free-zone plan. Guided by their broad experience, these experts could not conscientiously approve the creation of a commercial facility which offered no definite beforehand assurance of a fair chance for success.

"Free ports have proved successful in other countries only when located contiguous to national boundary-lines. The nearest foreign point from New York is Canada, a distance of 450 miles. Thus, we can not liken our position to that of the free ports of Europe, each of which boasts close proximity to more than a score of adjacent Governments."

Yet, with a peer into the future, Arthur Brisbane predicts in his column "Today," copyrighted by King Features Syndicate:

"There should soon be dozens on the Atlantic, the Pacific, the Gulf, and the Great Lakes. Free ports that built up many of the world's important harbors, have nothing to do with free trade. . . .

"Transshipment stimulates shipping in every port."

Tariff Aid to Farmers

Ever since the Supreme Court cut off "the gentle rain of AAA checks," farmers have been asking: "What do the Republicans offer to supplant the New Deal program?"

One answer reached the House last week. Representative Clifford Hope of Kansas, ranking minority member of the Agriculture Committee, introduced a bill approved by his State's candidate for President, Governor Landon (see page 6).

On the theory that the tariff on manufactured products puts the farmer at a disadvantage, the bill offers "tariff-equivalent payments." Prices the farmer gets for those of his crops consumed domestically would be "sweetened"—i.e., arbitrarily increased by the Government—in proportion to the increases imposed by tariffs on the commodities he buys.

Introduction of the bill coincided with the Senate's receipt from its own farm committee of a favorable report on the Administration's soil conservation stop-gap farm-relief plan.

"Impeach him," Representative Allen T. Treadway, Massachusetts Republican, urged the House when he heard that Secretary Wallace had called the Supreme Court's refund of AAA processing taxes the greatest legalized steal in American history."

On a tour of the Midwest for the Washington *Daily News* (Ind.), Thomas L. Stokes found that "the farmer is taking his Supreme Court AAA medicine with not nearly so wry a face as might have been expected."

"The soil-conservation and land-rental program," he said, "has been well received here. It might tend to take the farm problem out of politics, since President Roosevelt's views on this long-range program are shared by Governor Alf M. Landon of Kansas, Frank Knox, and Herbert Hoover."

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Clashing Opinions on Bonus Payment

Approval

Bonus supporters occasionally have reservations. However, they see the bonus as a deterrent against war, a boost to business, and an aid to "the little fellow." Below are typical comments:

The Wichita *Beacon* (Ind.): "Former service men will discharge mortgages on their homes. They will meet their bills at the stores. The expenditure of nearly three billion dollars should prove a tremendous impetus to business."

The New York *Evening Journal* (Hearst paper): "[A veteran] says: 'I've been hunting a job for four years. I haven't got clothes good enough to talk to men, to get a job. I'll pay my debts, sure, but I'm going to get a new suit. Then I'll be a new man. I'll go out and get a job.'

"*The Journal* sincerely hopes so."

The Columbus (Ga.) *Enquirer* (Ind.): "The great majority of veterans are made happy, and Congress will now feel relieved at not being faced by the question of bonus payment every time the members return to the Capital. The paying of the bonus will bring many millions of dollars to Georgia."

The New York *Post* (Ind.): "The Senate has acted. The bonus will be paid. Immediately on receipt of this news, *The Post* sent its seasoned reporters into the highways and byways. We can't believe it, but these expert observers say that the Statue of Liberty is still standing.

"Buying Panic"

"But, yes—there was one minor panic. It occurred on the Stock Exchange. It was a buying panic."

The Presbyterian Tribune, biweekly: "Taxpapers will not like it, but as the munition-makers and other War profiteers have been paid munificently, there seems no compelling reason why the men who actually believed they fought for civilization should not be paid too."

The Detroit *News* (Ind.): "We regard bonus taxation as peace insurance."

The New York *Daily News* (Ind.): "The strongest argument against the bonus—that it is a Government gift to a favored class—has been steadily losing weight since the depression began. The Government has been giving money right and left to the little fellow *via* the relief agencies; and loaning it in $10,000,000 blocks to the big fellows through the RFC to bolster up banks, railroads, *etc.* Why not the veterans?

The New Masses, radical weekly: "Seventeen years of growing mass-pressure has forced Congress to grant the back pay owed to these workers, small business men, white-collar groups. The fight for the bonus is but one more illustration of the fact that all concessions, all benefits won by workers and their allies from the capitalistic class are won only through militant struggle."

Settling With Veterans Big Task; Protagonists Forecast Business Boost; Opponents Fear Pensions

In an old red brick and steel building, covering a block in Washington, presses whirred day and night last week.

Upon the Government's printing-plant fell the task of grinding out the 39,000,000 applications, forms, and bonds with which the veterans' bonus will be paid.

A still greater task falls upon Henry Morgenthau, Jr., the tall, quiet Secretary of the Treasury, and Brig. Gen. Frank T. Hines, stately Administrator of Veteran Affairs (see page 36). Between them they are responsible for paying $2,377,000,000 to veterans after June 15.

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Brig. Gen. Frank T. Hines, who will have the job of seeing that veterans are paid

So great is the sheer physical side of this job that already a two-weeks' delay is feared. Some 3,000 new clerks, and more than $12,000,000 for wages and materials are needed.

For, last week, after seventeen years, the bonus bill crossed the last hurdle.

Regional offices of the Veterans' Administration were beleaguered with applicants.

Simultaneously, the inflation bloc of Congress planned a renewed drive for currency issued against "idle gold in the Treasury."

Still another specter arose when it was reported that veteran organizations now would campaign for pensions. Ray Murphy, genial six-foot American Legion Commander, allayed this fear in part, however, when he said that—this session, at least—pensions were "definitely out."

I hereby make application to the Administrator for the settlement of any amount due and payable to me on adjusted-service certificate No. ....., dated ....., amount, $....., further identified by No. A....., which was issued to .....
(Type or print first, middle, and last names of veteran)
based upon military or naval service during the World War, who was born at .....
(Place of birth of veteran)

Disapproval

Antibonus journals last week were concerned over the state of democracy, the effect on other legislation, the dangers of pensions, inflation, and higher taxes, and the unbalanced budget. Typical comments follow:

The New Haven *Journal-Courier* (Ind.): "The Members of the Congress, having jumped through the bonus hoop four times, can rest. They have sold the country down the river; and the President as well. It is one of the things we have come to mean by democracy."

The Nation, liberal weekly: "The enactment of the bill is certain to increase pressure for the curtailment of needed expenditures for relief, housing, and social security."

The Washington *Post* (Ind.): "The success with which the veterans' organizations have conducted their relentless drive to secure cash payment of the bonus has doubtless been a great inspiration to advocates of the Townsend pension plan."

The Hartford *Courant* (Rep.): "If the Members of Congress really believe that, after fifteen years, they have finally got the veteran off their necks, they are due for a rude awakening. The problem of the bonus has finally been solved, but the problem of pensions is only beginning."

The Cleveland *Plain Dealer* (Ind.-Dem.): "After the joy-ride comes the payment of a bill. The only place for Congress to get these billions—leaving out of account greenbacks and inflation in general—is your honest *Mr. Taxpayer's* left-hand trouser-pocket."

"Grabbing Policy"

The New Republic, journal of leftist opinion: "The reactionaries themselves have, by example, misled the veterans into the grabbing policy."

The Indianapolis *Star* (Ind.): "The whole attitude of Congress is trying to play politics to appeal to the veterans, and dodge stirring up the taxpayers until after November. The bonus is not the only item being handled on the after-me-the-deluge theory."

The Commonweal, Catholic weekly: "It serves as further proof that *Uncle Sam* is widely identified with *Santa Claus*—an approximation wished by all who feel that a dollar got is better than a dollar earned."

The Wall Street Journal: "The bonus payment is the outstanding symptom of a much more serious evil, namely, the continuing failure of Congress and the Administration to bring anything like fiscal order out of their aimless and undirected emergency spending and borrowing."

Magazine of Wall Street: "Soldiers' bonus will operate in an inflationary direction just the same as if the Government handed out $2,000,000,000 as pure largess."

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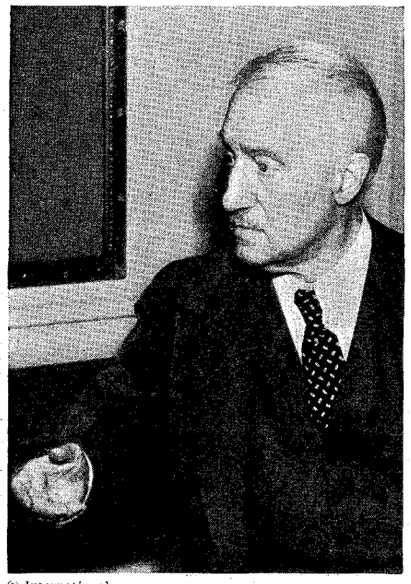
Marine Band in Teapot Tempest

Colby Critical of New Deal at Women's Patriotic Conference; Musicians Beat Mysterious Retreat; Repercussions in House



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After Bainbridge Colby's anti-New Deal speech, the Marine Band refused to play

The radio-famous United States Marine Band sat one night last week with fingers poised to "push the middle valve down," but to the disappointment of the waiting audience the music didn't "come out here."

Band members had donned their scarlet tunics in their barracks, and marched to the banquet-hall of the Mayflower Hotel in Washington. A rustle of anticipation had gone up from 500 members of the Women's Patriotic Conference on National Defense, as the musicians filed onto the stage.

Out came instruments. "Toot-toot" sounded the horns, tuning up.

Mysterious Message

Then a whispered message, no one knows from where. Drums and fifes were hurriedly put back in their cases. For the first time since the withdrawal from Nicaragua and Haiti in 1933 and 1934, the Marines were in retreat. Heads up, they left the hall.

The ruffled Conference members knew what had caused the walkout. On the previous day, Bainbridge Colby, formerly a Republican and a Progressive, but Secretary of State under President Wilson, had addressed them on "The Constitution."

"I think the Socialists have come pretty near accomplishing . . . the capture of one of the established parties and its conversion to Socialist use and Socialist purposes," he had said.

Resenting this, two Democratic members of Congress and three naval officers hastily canceled their addresses before the Conference. Secretary of the Navy Swanson gravely approved the officers' action. "I think they acted very properly in resenting this attack on their Commander-in-Chief." But even Mr. Swanson said he did not know whence came the order removing the band.

"The withdrawal of the Marine Band . . . after Mr. Colby's speech looks pettish and silly, rather than intelligent," commented the Baltimore *Sun* (Ind.-Dem.).

"Unfortunately, this is not the first evidence that the Navy tends to set itself up as a sort of national corregidor, charged with regulating the people's thoughts. . . .

"These events do little to strengthen confidence in the sort of brains that control our naval defense. If the Navy used against a foreign fleet tactics as stupid as those it used against the women, our first line of defense would be but a paper wall."

The Washington *Star* (Ind.) laid the real blame upon Mr. Colby's remarks:

"When Bainbridge Colby . . . took the platform . . . it was the confident expectation of the members that he would speak pertinently to the subject of adequate protection for America. He chose, however, to utilize the occasion for the delivery of a criticism of the New Deal. . . .

"Mr. Colby should never have utilized a meeting in behalf of national defense as the occasion of a partizan political utterance."

Breeze and Tempest

The incident raised a stiff breeze on editorial pages. In political circles it caused a first-class tempest.

Into the House of Representatives early the next day strode Minority Leader Bertrand Snell. With eyes flashing, he told the House he saw in the incident a threat to free speech and assemblage. "Is this the forerunner of what Postmaster General Farley said would be the bitterest and dirtiest campaign in history?" he demanded.

The challenge brought a half-dozen indignant Democrats to their feet.

"The gentleman will recall that free assemblage of American citizens down here on Pennsylvania Avenue—some veterans that Mr. Hoover brought the artillery to drive out of town," yelled John J. O'Connor (Democrat, of New York).

Of Mr. Colby he said: "I never knew him to take part in a Democratic activity."

"He's a Liberty Leaguer!" shouted Charles L. Faddis (Democrat, of Pennsylvania).

"Did they try to stop him from making the speech?" chimed in James M. Fitzpatrick (Democrat, of New York).

The imaginary picture of the outraged clubwomen rising up in their wrath to halt Mr. Colby upset the dignity of the House. Republicans and Democrats laughed.

The Philadelphia *Inquirer* (Ind.) saw humor in the incident:

"It may be that the discord could have been avoided had the women requested . . . musical numbers they knew would cause no hard feelings. . . .

"They might have asked the band to play 'When It's Apple Blossom Time in Tugwelltown,' 'Ye Banks and Braes of TVA's,' 'The End of a Perfect Pay,' or that immortal lyric about 'Bonnie Prince Farley.' For an encore 'Scots Wha' Hae Wi' Wallace Bled' might have come in handy.

"However, the less the Marine Band had to play the more wind it will have to put spirit into that good old anthem 'There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town' on the night of November 3, 1936."

Aid to Long Also Dies

A school-teacher in Winn Parish, Louisiana, bent on running for Assessor in 1916, sought the advice of a brisk young traveling salesman.

This was the beginning of a long political friendship during which the teacher helped the salesman become a Senator, and the salesman helped the teacher to become a Governor.

Four months ago the Senator, Huey Pierce Long, was killed by an assassin's bullet. Last week the Governor, Oscar K. Allen, died of a cerebral hemorrhage and Lieut.-Gov. James A. Noe became Governor.

"The greatest political loss the Long organization will feel," writes the New Orleans *Item* (Ind.-Dem.), "will be the loss of the Governor's ability to placate warring leaders.

"It is known that Leche, young and ambitious, has plans for many changes in the organization."

Young Judge Richard W. Leche, formerly Mr. Allen's private secretary, had just been nominated for Governor.

After the Governor's death, newspapers agreed that, to fill Huey Long's unexpired Senate term, the Democratic State Central Committee would nominate Allen J. Ellender, a lawyer, who was nominated in the January primary for the regular Senate term.

To their surprize, Lieut.-Gov. James A. Noe appointed Huey Long's widow.

With Allen's death, observes the Troy (N. Y.) *Times Record* (Ind.), "the two outstanding men in the 'rebel' Democratic movement in the State have been removed unexpectedly. Can the rest carry on?"

Acme

New link, old chain: Gov. James A. Noe, successor to O. K. Allen and Huey Long

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Topics in Brief

As to naval tonnage, Japan wants her own weigh.—*Weston (Ore.) Leader.*

WELL, we never had winters like this under Coolidge and Hoover.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

THE Supreme Court upholds the Constitution strongly—and almost weekly.—*Lynchburg Advance.*

ONE business man complains he paused for a breathing spell and the sheriff caught up with him.—*Life.*

G.O.P. is looking for a campaign manager. Well, they could go Farley and fare worse.—*Dallas Morning News.*

MR. ROOSEVELT says there will be no need of raising taxes. Nevertheless we expect to have to raise ours.—*American Lumberman.*

ITALY can be pacified, of course. And we could have pacified Capone by giving him Chicago.—*Asheville (N. C.) Citizen-Observer.*

ONE long-range prediction which bids fair to be fulfilled is that the 1936 Presidential Derby will be on a muddy track.—*Louisville Times.*

THE Nizam of Hyderabad ordered 10,000 sheep slaughtered for a luncheon he was throwing. It seems a lot of lamb for one chicken salad.—*Detroit News.*

OUR hilarious Washington correspondent reports that the Supreme Court's decision has left Mr. Roosevelt in somewhat of a d'AAA's.—*Toronto Saturday Night.*

THE President claims the Supreme Court reversed itself in the processing-tax decision. While Mr. Roosevelt speaks as an authority on the subject of reversal, many will disagree with him.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

THE world's largest telescope lens has been cooling in oven since December 2, 1934. Or about as long as a recent college graduate says he's been cooling his heels in employment-bureau offices.—*Kansas City Kansan.*

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT will try to bar Al Smith and John W. Davis from serving as delegates to the Democratic National Convention. Evidently the President is becoming more discriminatory in the kind of criticism he welcomes.—*Indianapolis Star.*

WHEN the Democratic Convention meets in Philadelphia, Gov. Eugene Talmadge of Georgia had better look out. If he voices any opposition to the New Deal, the Convention will use the Liberty Bell on him the way Major Bowes uses the gong on Sunday nights.—*Albany Knickerbocker Press.*

PRIMO CARNERA has been drafted into the Italian army. Fortunately for Italy, he will be called on to shoot, not to box.—*Hartford Courant.*

A BERLIN dispatch says sanctions are 3,000 years old. This may account for their being so feeble.—*Norfolk (Va.) Ledger-Dispatch.*

A HARD-UP Western school is looking for a natural bowl in which to set up a stadium. We may yet find a use for the depression.—*Troy (N. Y.) Record.*

THE Supreme Court has consolidated much of the New Deal. For instance it has combined NRA and AAA into WAS.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

BREACH-of-promise suits have been outlawed in seven States, but the G. O. P. still hopes to make an issue of the 1932 platform.—*Omaha World-Herald.*

Now that Britain has all those pals back of her in case of attack, it only remains to turn the bullet-proof vest around.—*Portland Morning Oregonian.*

"THERE is no simple word," writes a Western editor, "to express what the American people want." Well, brother, how about "More"?—*Boston Herald.*

SPEAKING of 1936 and the issue thereof, we trust Norman Thomas has been duly impressed with the wisdom of copyrighting his platform.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

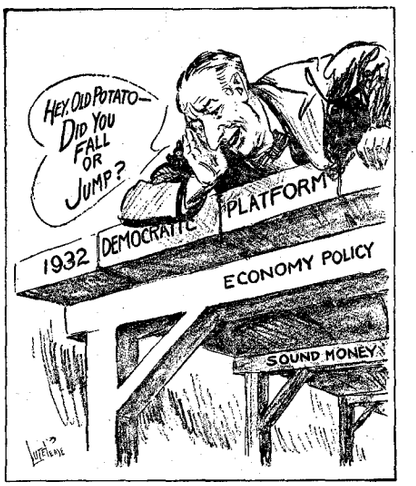
"WHY don't the Republicans begin to frame a platform?" asks a writer. They're too busy working on the gate they plan to give Mr. Roosevelt.—*St. Joseph Press.*

WE hear that Secretary Morgenthau looked pretty ragged. It seems he spends night after night walking the floor with baby bonds.—*H. I. Phillips in the New York Sun.*

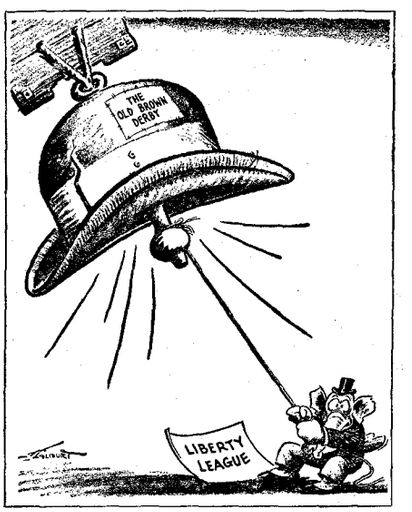
THE clarion call of this year's Democratic Convention won't be "Happy Days Are Here Again." The theme song will probably be: "Hmmmm, Would You Like to Take a Walk?"—*Springfield Union.*

REPUBLICANS applaud the Supreme Court decision weakening the power of the Federal Government. You might almost think they do not expect to run the thing any more.—*Howard Brubaker in The New Yorker.*

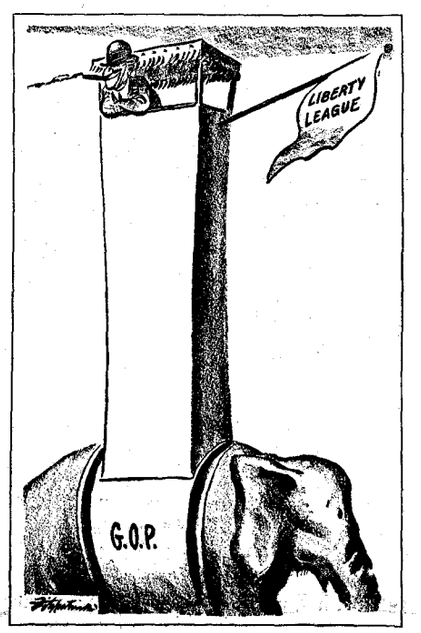
THE Chinese General, Feng Yu-hsiang, tells his countrymen that if they will only give up buttons on their clothes they will save enough money in a year to buy four hundred million bullets to repel the invading Japanese. Still, it is hard to go into battle trussing your clothes up with one hand and effectively aim a rifle with the other.—*Boston Evening Transcript.*



A Very Happy Warrior
—Pease in the Newark Evening News



Let Freedom Ring!
—Talburt in the Washington Daily News



Al Has Gone in for Skyscrapers
—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch

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New Moves on Europe's Chess-Board

Edward VIII Cordial to Germans; Eden Gets Assurances Against Rhineland Coup; France Withholds Proposed Joint Warning

European

Baron von Neurath, Germany's vigorous "gentleman of the old school"

Baron Konstantin von Neurath, Germany's Foreign Minister, tall, heavy-set, and of serious mien, who has been described as a "vigorous gentleman of the old school," received special notice from King Edward VIII at a dinner and reception given at Buckingham Palace on January 27, the night before the funeral of King George V.

The new King gave all the delegates to the reception a cordial handshake and a few words of greeting. But with Baron von Neurath and Dr. Leopold von Hoesch, Germany's Ambassador to Great Britain, the King held a long, animated conversation.

Significance Seen

This incident was attentively noted by all the distinguished personages present and by some was interpreted as a new proof of Edward's personal liking for the Germans. It was remembered that last year the King, then the Prince of Wales, urged British War veterans to visit Germany and to "forget the War."

When the formal reception last week was over, King Edward had another and longer talk with Baron von Neurath and Doctor von Hoesch.

Very favorably impressed by the friendly spirit of King Edward toward Germany's Foreign Minister was the *Berliner Tageblatt*, which remarked:

"For Germany, it is of great interest that the son, like the father, is not prejudiced in foreign affairs. The man who believes the international reconciliation of ex-service men does not belong to those who are poisoned by War hysteria can contribute much to heal the breach between the two great Germanic peoples."

Pierre-Etienne Flandin, former Premier, and now Foreign Minister in the Sarraut Cabinet, on his visit to London for the King's funeral, had important conversations with Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden.

Their talks were principally about France's anxiety over reports that Realmleader Adolf Hitler was planning to move troops into the demilitarized Rhineland zone.

Loan Considered

M. Flandin is known to be very much an Anglophile and his voyage to London for the funeral of King George had also as objectives, it was said, the cementing of an Entente between England and France, especially as regards Germany. The French Government, it was reported also, was trying to float a loan in London.

Pertinax (André Géraud), Political Editor of the *Echo de Paris*, wrote in a cabled message to the Baltimore *Sun*:

"The loan must not be regarded as a really important operation, notwithstanding the huge amount involved, about £60,000,000: Those millions will be left in London and will not be exchanged against francs.

"But against them the Bank of France, which by its statute is not allowed to rediscount Treasury bonds, will find it lawful to advance to the Treasury sums it may need to meet current requirements. Thus the loan is hardly anything more than a screen."

Chancellor Hitler was reported as having no intentions of hasty moves for an early reoccupation of the demilitarized zone of the Rhineland. According to David Darrah, a Chicago *Tribune* correspondent at London, Baron von Neurath assured Secretary Eden of this fact when the British Foreign Secretary and the German Foreign Minister conferred. This correspondent wrote further:

"British circles seem gratified over the German explorations of possible Anglo-German cooperation. The British said the Germans showed they did not want to start trouble at all, as the French fear."

French delegates, returning from the funeral of King George V to Paris, were said to have informed the Foreign Office that Germany had promised Britain she would not violate the demilitarization provisions governing the Rhineland. The British Government, a Paris Correspondent of the United Press reported, informed Foreign Minister Flandin in London of a German pledge not to send any military formation into the demilitarized zone.

France, it was also related, considered that Hitler's promise completely closed a problem which the French had considered an acute difficulty in the existing foreign situation.

France, it appears, had sought to present Germany with a joint French-British-Belgian declaration warning her that rearmament of the demilitarized Rhineland zone would not be tolerated.

Meanwhile, the usually well-informed Mme. Genevieve Tabouis, political expert of the newspaper *Oeuvre*, made the assertion that France had received firm assurances from Premier Benito Mussolini that Italy would be on France's side in event of any trouble with Germany.

Tone of Mistrust

In a tone of mistrust the Paris *Temps*, semiofficial organ of the French Foreign Office, said of German policy:

"Judging from the National Socialist press and influential German quarters, the Berlin Government's policy in the fourth year of the Hitler régime seems to be oriented on total destruction of the Versailles Treaty by putting forward the questions of new distribution of colonial mandates and, gravest of all, the *de facto* modification of the Statute for the demilitarized Rhineland zone.

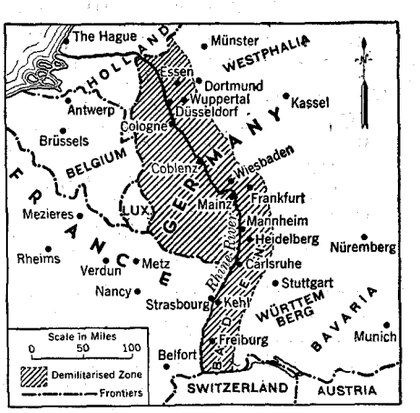
"On the effectiveness of such resistance other Powers are directly interested. Occidental security depends for its maintenance on the Third Reich's will for peace or war."

Exaggeration Suspected

Reports from Paris that Germany is fortifying the demilitarized Rhineland in preparation for "the next invasion of France" sounded exaggerated to the Washington *Post*.

Yet this daily was convinced that "there is no question as to Germany's relentless determination to throw off the limitations imposed upon her sovereignty by the Treaty of Versailles." It added:

"Instead of permitting this situation to drift into an ever-gloomier atmosphere of hostility and suspicion, a positive move to reexamine the restrictions which Germany finds intolerable is in order."



The Morning Post (London)

The Rhineland's demilitarized zone

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New Fleets for Old

London Naval Conference Plan for Limiting Size of War-Ships

Plowing through uncertain seas, the London Naval Conference last week produced in its log-book two important recordings.

The quantitative side of the conference —it is a four-party affair now, with Japan on the outside—was completed in the approval of a building exchange program. Replacing the Washington and London treaty ratio system, this new plan merely provides for mutual exchange of information on ships being laid down. It fixes no limit for such new craft.

The second accomplishment of the week —a qualitative one—consisted of a British plan on limitation of the size of war-vessels, whose details are to be worked out this week by a subcommittee.

Smilingly, Viscount Monsell of Evesham, Britain's courteous, breezy, good-humored First Lord of the Admiralty, explained that no one can have one's cake and eat it, too.

Program Suggested

American, French, and Italian delegates agreed. Two Japanese unofficial observers were blandly uninterested. Then, the professional sailor who rules the King's Navy offered these suggestions for limitations on the sizes of war-ships in categories:

1. Battle-ships: Limited to 35,000 tons with fourteen-inch guns, compared with the same tonnage and sixteen-inch guns under the Washington Treaty of 1922.
2. Aircraft-carriers: Limited to 22,000 tons with six-inch guns, compared with 27,000 tons and eight-inch guns under the Washington Treaty.
3. Building of heavy 10,000-ton cruisers to be halted during term of new agreement, probably five years.
4. Light cruisers: Limited to 7,500 to 8,000 tons with six-inch guns.
5. Submarines: Limited to 2,000 tons with five-inch guns, compared with present treaty-limits of 2,800 tons with six-inch guns.

With each Power asked to make some concession, the American delegation, headed by Norman H. Davis, prepared for "close study of a fair and reasonable proposition as a basis for discussion."

Japan's refusal to accept less than complete parity with the British and American Navies has stirred London weekly magazines of affairs to appeals for Anglo-American cooperation in the Pacific, and construction of powerful fleet bases at Hongkong and in the Aleutian Islands.

The Spectator (Cons.) warns Tokyo:

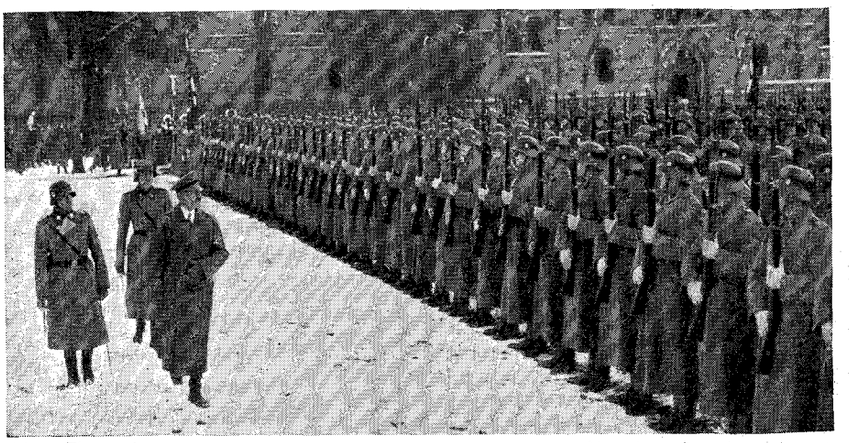
"The United States will unquestionably build on such a scale as to maintain at least the existing margin between the two fleets, and Japan will be involved in an expenditure which will lay a further alarming strain on her precarious national finances."

The great Tokyo daily, the *Asahi*, said: "Despite Japan's withdrawal, the naval conference on disarmament is continuing its discussions. However, no country concerned expects important results."

Gloomily, the *Nichi Nichi*, also of Tokyo, declared: "The conferees seem still far apart. Agreement seems impossible."

Nazidom's *Anno IV* Jubilation

Hitlerized Third Reich Enters Fourth Year With Flags Flying and Radios Blaring; Ominous Looks Into Militarized Germany's Future



Hoffman Photograph

Adolf Hitler reviews his bodyguard, Germany's best-equipped army unit

Chancellor Adolf Hitler celebrated the Third Reich's third birthday on January 30, and the beginning of the year IV of Hitler rule, with a defiant tossing of his unruly forelock as he told the German people:

"Whoever opposes us now does it not because we are Nazis, but because we restored military independence to Germany."

The one-time Austrian house-painter, who has become second only to Premier Benito Mussolini as a European dictator, was talking to 26,000 of his Nazi Storm-Troop veterans, assembled from all over Germany as he spoke from the steps of the old museum on the edge of the great Lustgarten in Berlin.

Hundreds of thousands of other Brownshirts stood at attention around radio speakers throughout the Reich to listen to their Leader's words. The entire country was covered with flags.

"Day of Destiny"

In village, town, and city marching and singing were the order of the day. In government offices, shops, schools, universities, and churches, appropriate ceremonies paid honor to "Germany's Day of Destiny."

To his enthusiastically applauding listeners, the Reichsfuehrer made this downright personal statement:

"All that I am, I am through you; all that you are, you are through me. Never has there been a closer bond between a leader and follower than between you and me."

Despite constant reports recently about a rumored grave throat-affection, Hitler spoke for twenty-five minutes with accustomed vehemence. Among other things he told his rigidly attentive Storm Troopers that the Nazi goal of unity and unanimity would be reached in 100 years.

He declared that in one year after the advent of Nazidom the Nazis had won one per cent. of the remaining non-Nazis to their cause.

"In two years, 2 per cent.," he added, "and, in 100 years, we shall have gained 100 per cent." It was recalled Hitler had said on January 30, 1933: "Give us four years, and then, let them judge us."

An interesting fact about Hitler is that probably he is the only head of state in the world who does not receive any salary.

His Chancellor's salary of 24,000 marks a year ($9,600) is turned over to a special trust-fund, and his Presidential salary of 60,000 marks a year ($24,000), upon his order, is withheld by the Treasury.

The Reich pays Hitler merely the President's "entertainment fund" of 120,000 marks a year ($48,000). This fund is destined to cover the expenses of the receptions of foreign diplomats and other official functions.

Lacks Bank-Account

Hitler once declared that he never has owned a share of stock, and does not possess a bank-account, wrote *Peterborough*, a columnist of *The Daily Telegraph* (London). Hitler always has been poor, a vegetarian, and teetotaler, who lives very frugally. *Peterborough* added:

"In Hitler's frugality he resembles the Duce. In actual cash Signor Mussolini does not take more than a few hundred pounds a year, and this from one only of his many offices.

"On the other hand, both Dictators receive, in the form of official cars, and other 'services,' the equivalent of a very handsome income."

Amid festivities of the third anniversary of the Third Reich, a law was proclaimed, providing for intervention by the German Army to quell possible domestic disturbances.

Two possible explanations of the decree, as indicated by a Berlin Correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune*, were:

"First, the long-standing controversy between the Army and the Nazi uniformed organization—the *Sturm Abteilungen* or Storm Troops, and the *Schutz Staffel*, or blackshirted special guards—and the possible desire of the Army to have its rôle

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publicly defined—and, second, the possible desire of the Nazi authorities to deter subversive elements by indicating that the Army stands behind the civil authorities, and that, during domestic trouble, it would be employed."

Nazi Actualities

A searching examination into the actualities of Nazidom was made for *The Manchester Guardian* by a correspondent:

"But the fact remains that a new social and political, tho, perhaps, not economic, order is being created in Germany, and that National Socialism is not meeting with effective opposition anywhere. Discontent and disillusionment are so widespread that it is sometimes difficult to discover a National Socialist amongst the older generation.

"Discontent and disillusionment remain passive and negative—so far, at least, all that is dynamic and positive in Germany has followed the sign of the Swastika."

The Morning Post (London) said:

"Socialism, as we can see, has become entirely smothered by Nationalism. . . . Every function of the German State, as all the world knows, is being harnessed for the sole purpose of regaining for Germany her old hegemony at arms.

"Two years, perhaps one year, from now, Germany will stand before Europe with military equipment no other nation will be able to rival."

Already with an eye toward this, said reports from London, Germany had signed an alliance with Japan. This agreement has been rumored for some months and always denied. Moscow is seriously concerned, nevertheless.

Japan is described as cautious about furthering too close a relationship with the Reich lest it throw France into the hands of England. Behind Japan's aim are said to be aspirations directed to French Indo-China, where France has been threatening to build a mighty naval base.

© International

The Realmleader takes a look at the record

Italy Unleashes "Hell on Wheels"

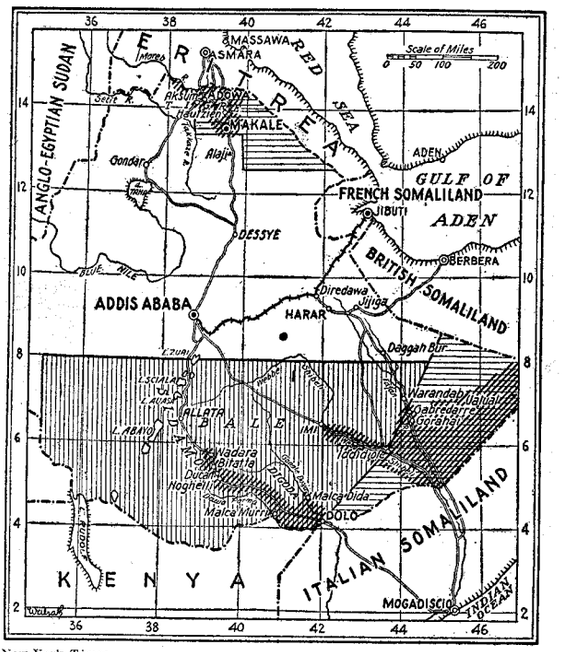
"Scourge of Tripolitania" Rolls North Over Lush Ethiopian Plains With Armored Cars, Trucks, and Planes in New Fascist Push

"The Scourge of Tripolitania," Arabs call Gen. Rodolfo Graziani, bronzed, six-foot Italian colonial fighter.

General Graziani, leading Il Duce's legions on the Southern Italian front in Ethiopia, is a hard-bitten, stern-jawed proconsul who feels at home in tropical heat on desert sands.

He springs at his enemy with lion-like ferocity, and he is credited with knowing more tricks than the wiliest African chief. His head is like Cæsar's—finely chiseled, Roman, classical — and is adorned by rich, dark hair and beetling brows.

Biding his time for a couple of months, General Graziani last week rode roughshod over more than 250 miles of Ethiopian territory with his "hell on wheels."



New York *Times*

In Ethiopia: Italy's gains so far (dark shading); *land to be given to Italy* (horizontal shading), *and Italian zone of influence* (vertical shading), *under the rejected Hoare-Laval peace plan*

As the war entered its fifth month befogged by a welter of claims and counter-claims of victory, he contributed the most spectacular bit of campaigning seen since hostilities opened on October 3.

General Graziani struck out from Dolo, Italian base at the junction of British Kenya, Italian Somaliland, and Ethiopian frontiers—southwestern tip of Haile Selassie's empire. On a lush, open plain he rolled northward on a bee-line to Addis Ababa, an inferno of hundreds of armored trucks and tanks, covered by planes.

The surprized forces of Ras Desta Demtu, the Emperor's son-in-law, fell back in retreat, according to dispatches from all quarters. Graziani reported he had penetrated as far north as Wadara—(see map)—about 270 miles from Addis Ababa. Ethiopian losses were placed as high as 15,000.

Northern Front

Only the sensational nature of this maneuver eclipsed the interest in sharp fighting on the front far in the north in charge of Marshal Pietro Badoglio. There the Italians sought to recover positions lost to the Ethiopians the week before. And here, as so often before, claims and counter-claims made facts difficult to ascertain.

Haile Selassie, for instance, explained that his withdrawal in the south was to permit a more favorable defense of positions in the mountainous terrain. The Italians' advance he attributed to a move to raise spirits at home.

However, he admitted that on the northern front losses on both sides had been heavy. The enemy, he said, had yielded more entrenched positions.

Meanwhile reports from Addis Ababa told of a terrific battle in progress over possession of the Makale-Adowa road, stretching for seventy-five miles, with heavy losses on the Italian side.

In distant Rome, Premier Mussolini praised his expeditionary corps, and made plans for a second winter of warfare. He ordered 50,000 more laborers to East Africa, requisitioned the native wool-crop for uniforms, and placed all males from eleven to thirty-two under a strict physical surveillance for military purposes.

Virginio Gayda, in *Voce d'Italia*, warned that further application of sanctions would result in a European war. "A sanction against petroleum slides from the field of economics to a military measure," he said. "Any prohibition on oil tankers would constitute a blockade. A blockade is a military measure. Against arms, Italy will reply with arms. Italy is prepared, strong, determined, and unisolated."

This preparation by Il Duce brought much of the whole Ethiopian campaign in speculative retrospect.

Raymond Gram Swing, an astute observer of the war, said in an article in *Today*, entitled "Mussolini Muddles":

"Marshal De Bono, deposed leader of the Italian expeditionary force in Ethiopia, will go down in history as the man who crawled when he should have run. De Bono is now home in Italy under a cloud of suspicion.

"His successor is Marshal Badoglio. He came with a frenzy, knowing he still had half a chance to make good what De Bono had forfeited. And he will go down in history as another in the long line of soldiers thwarted by politicians. For, like Marshal De Bono, Marshal Badoglio also

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crawled when he should have run—but for a different reason.

"Mussolini ordered him to crawl, thinking that Italy was going to make peace on the Hoare-Laval terms. Because De Bono did not advance when he could, and Badoglio did not because he was forbidden to, the first-year campaign is a failure."

The Danakil campaign collapsed in mystery; in the south General Graziani harassed defenseless cities with aerial attacks, occupying, until the drive last week, tactical points about 100 miles inland.

Fading Progress

"General Graziani's impressive progress suddenly and unaccountably faded away, and has left him after fifteen precious weeks little more advanced than when he started," wrote Maj. L. I. Athill (retired) of the Royal Artillery, in *The Spectator* (London), just before last week's push was made.

"Of heavy fighting there has been little enough to justify the Italian claim that this is a singularly bloodless war. The little that has taken place, of which the Italian native troops have borne the brunt, has demonstrated some rather significant facts.

"The first . . . is the comparative ineffectiveness of aircraft. . . . What, however, is more astonishing is the vulnerability of the light tank."

Similar was the observation of Maj.-Gen. A. C. Temperley, military expert of *The Daily Telegraph* (London), who said:

"The Abyssinians appear able to hold their own against the most modern weapons, altho undoubtedly their casualties must be much heavier, but, probably, not nearly so high as Italian estimates. It is this continued ability to fight the Italians to a standstill on the northern front that has changed the situation in London so profoundly."

Acme

One of Il Duce's death-dealing planes

Tension on Three-Point Frontier

Gunfire Where Soviet Russia, Outer Mongolia, and Japanese-Sponsored Manchukuo Meet; Siberia in Shadow of Rising Sun

On the march: Japanese troops near the Soviet-Manchukuoan border

All last week short, heavily-bundled soldiers on little Mongolian ponies raced up and down the imaginary lines which divide Outer Mongolia and Soviet Russia from Manchukuo.

At dark, shadows, darting before frost-bitten frontier-posts, they unslung rifles, and let go blasts of gunfire. When the shots were returned there were often hand-to-hand clashes, with mortal results.

Such guerrilla activities brought before the week was over a stern protest by Russia to the Japanese Government, which oversees the puppet-State of Manchukuo. It was only one of a dozen similar complaints over five years. Yet, it was significant, because it coincided with an exchange of growing fears of a sudden armed attack on a major scale.

Ambassador Called

Moscow called in Japanese Ambassador Tamekichi Ota, and cited two invasions in the Grodekov region about 250 miles from fortified Vladivostok—farthest Far Eastern city of the U.S.S.R. In the same area a detachment of Manchukuoan troops had crossed over and surrendered after killing their officers.

Simultaneously, Outer Mongolian authorities reported that encroaching Manchukuoan patrols had been repulsed in a lively combat. This encounter, however, followed a warning by Manchukuo that Outer Mongolians had been guilty of invasion.

All of these clashes are interrelated, since Manchukuo has been seeking for months to make an economic-military penetration of Outer Mongolia.

Russia, an ally of the Outer Mongolians, who have a sovietized Government, has been accused by Japan of standing in the way, with the result that friction has made border relations tense among the three countries.

Recently Japan made overtures looking to a settlement.

Discussing this action, *Nichi Nichi* (Tokyo) said: "Any ray of hope for the future relations of Japan and the Soviet must be based on the proposal of Koki Hirota, Foreign Minister, for the establishment of a committee for settlement of border disputes.

"The frequency with which border disputes occurred between Manchukuo and the Soviet last year strongly indicate that the center of gravity has shifted from North China to the border districts."

According to *The China Weekly Review*, American-owned publication of Shanghai:

"Nipponese empire-builders' schemes have always placed Siberia in the shadow of the Rising Sun."

It added: "In the years of intervention, 1920-'21, Japanese troops had been in actual control of the Russian Maritime Provinces and Siberia as far west as Lake Baikal. . . . Japanese actions show that Outer Mongolia is the next object of Tokyo's attention.

"But Soviet Russia is aware of the fact that Nipponese in control of Ulan Bator [Outer Mongolian Capital] would find it easy to pierce the Transsiberian Railway. Therefore, Moscow will undoubtedly strenuously oppose Japanese plans in this region. In this lies the danger of the situation."

The Morning Post, London

Asia's danger zone

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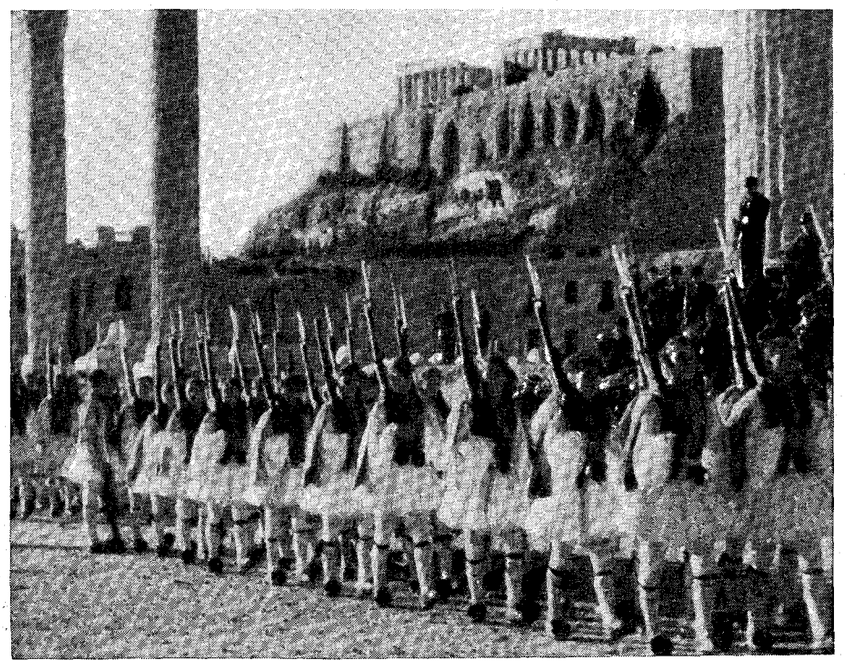
Hercules vs. Greek Political *Hydra*

Death of Kondylis, Power of Venizelos, and Issue of Ending Exile of Army Plotters, Test Whiphand of George II, Just Restored



Universal Newsreel. From Soibelman

Greek troops celebrating restored monarchy in the shadow of a glory of ancient Greece

No more confident exiled monarch ever returned to a restored Throne than did George II, the spruce, agile-footed King of the Hellenes, late last November. For twelve years he had waited hopefully in England. The Army's strong man, Marshal George Kondylis, known as the "Little Thunderbolt," one day shed republican robes and arranged his return.

Kondylis, fresh from conferences with his friend, Premier Mussolini, hoped to set himself up as dictator under the forty-five-year-old monocled king. George knew that this would never do. A friend of England, he favored an alliance with England rather than with Italy.

But he knew that the one man having most to say about Greek politics was Eleutherios Venizelos. The "grand old man" of Greece was living in exile in Paris after his abortive March *coup d'etat*, put down by Kondylis.

Irreconcilable Venizelos

Venizelos, seventy-six, small, brisk, as sly as a fox, was and is an irreconcilable republican. He heads the powerful Liberal Party in Greece. In any election he would be an incalculable factor. Greece, George knew, must soon elect a Parliament.

He stopped, therefore, in Paris on his way home to make a deal of mutual toleration with the old republican war-horse. To cinch the bargain Venizelos extracted from him a promise of reinstatement of Army officers involved in the March revolution.

Feeling pretty sure of himself now, King George reached Athens in triumph, ousted Kondylis as Premier and Protector, and openly courted favor with the English. He announced almost as his first act amnesty for the Venizelist officers. Kondylis, still in control of the Army, bitterly opposed this.

Last week the Kondylist and Venizelist forces ranged themselves in the King's first national election. Venizelos captured almost half of the 300 seats of the National Assembly. Yet he had no majority.

Kondylis got sixty-odd seats. Most of the rest went to former Premier Panayoti Tsaldaris, Populist chieftain, and to Gen. John Metaxas, Monarchist leader. The Communists garnered fifteen seats, the largest in their history.

A fight then broke out over formation of the new Government. Kondylis said he would never consent to Venizelos's return to Greece, much less to reinstatement of his henchmen in the last revolution. King George proved himself the strong man by keeping his head. His popularity rose.

As the various Parties were trying to find their feet Kondylis suddenly fell ill while talking with George Mercouris, the Greek Fascist leader. A sufferer from asthma, weakened by sixty battles and many political frays, he died of heart disease.

As he died supporters deserted him. His voting strength was cut to fifteen seats. The King was placed in a quandary. Venizelos was stronger than ever. The King knew the old republican chief must soon be recalled. Thus he was face to face with a rival who might seriously affect his reign.

Army generals warned Tsaldaris and Metaxas they would oppose the return of Venizelist military conspirators. They then addressed an oral manifesto to the King. Athens buzzed with reports of impending Army *coups d'etat* as the King and Constantine Dermerdjis, Premier *pro tem*, excused themselves from funeral ceremonies for Kondylis on grounds of ill health.

"Since the death of Kondylis commanders of military forces are responsible for safeguarding the people's liberties against Venizelist invaders," said the *Ethniki Simaia* of Athens, a republican, National Socialist daily.

"The arch-rebel Venizelos was responsible for the March revolution. The hundreds of victims of the subsequent catastrophe would not tolerate his power."

And the Populist Royalist *Kathemerini*, also of Athens, declared: "Now that Kondylis is dead, a few Kondylist Deputies, by joining with Venizelists, could by one or two votes cause a most dangerous and unstable Cabinet, while a Coalition Cabinet is most imperative."

Royal Whiphand

Out of the confusion of issues, the fact stood out that King George now held the whiphand over the politicians.

"This hard-palmed, likable man, who stalks through his palace with a boxer's step, got his Throne back because Britain wanted to break Italy's power in the Mediterranean," writes George Weller, American correspondent in Athens, in *Today*.

"The Greeks are now too fond of their new King to care how he returned. The British hushed up the details of their diplomatic victory as completely as the Italians did their defeat. Greek censorship did the rest."

The King's popularity has spread among Greeks abroad. Attesting to this is this comment by *The National Herald*, prominent Greek newspaper of New York:

"King George, by his policy, proved that he is a democratic ruler, respecting the principle of democracy. He is now above the different political parties, and, in a few weeks, he achieved the respect and the love of the entire country. To-day, his most ardent supporters are the Venizelist Liberals and other democratic parties, which previously opposed his coming to Greece."

Atlantis, an independent Greek-language newspaper, also of New York, saw the King beset by a difficult problem in choosing a Government. It said:

"After Sunday's elections which did not give to any party an absolute majority, the aim of the King will be to try to form a Government of National Union."

Fair weather ahead was forecast for the restored sovereign by *The Greek Star*, independent republican newspaper of Chicago, which said:

"The differences between the Venizelists and the royalists have been ironed out and both stand under the banner of King George and the leadership of Sophoulis [Venizelist chieftain in Greece] and Tsaldaris."

With an eye to Greek history the London *Daily Telegraph* said: "His (Kondylis's) departure from the scene of troubled Greek politics should remove some of the difficulties in the way of appeasement and cooperation. But this faction in Greece produces new heads like that *Hydra* of her own legend, and will again labor like *Hercules* to destroy its venomous power."

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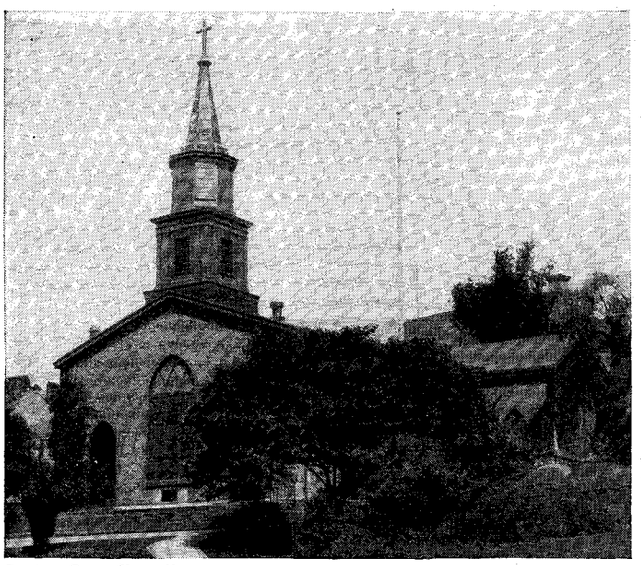
Churchyard as National Shrine

Designation of St. Ann's Proposed as Honor to Family of Patriots, Noted in Revolution and in Founding of America



Courtesy *Bronx Home News*

A bill now before Congress proposes to make a national shrine of St. Ann's Churchyard, New York, where Gouverneur Morris, "penman" of the Constitution, is buried

Had not Charles II succeeded his ill-fated father on the Throne of England after Cromwell's day, the famous Morris family might not have been founded in America.

Some other hand might have revised the draft of the Constitution of the United States, some other hand have signed the Declaration of Independence where Lewis Morris wrote his name.

Richard Morris, a captain in Cromwell's Army, left England for his own good after the restoration of the Stuart line, and found refuge in the Barbados. There he married, and thence migrated to New Amsterdam, now New York.

He settled and built a home in Morrisania, in what is now the Bronx, and founded a family destined to play an important—tho sometimes barely remembered—rôle in American history.

Constitution Phraser

One of his descendants, Lewis, fourth of the name, signed the American charter of liberty, and Gouverneur, Lewis's younger half-brother, was "penman" of the Constitution. It was he who gave the Constitution its framework of phrase and word.

Now, after long years, Representative Edward W. Curley of New York has introduced in Congress a bill to provide for the honorary designation of St. Ann's Churchyard of Morrisania, where lie the two Morrises and most of their kith and kin, "as a national shrine, and for the erection of a monument or statue thereon to the memory of Gouverneur Morris. The State of New York already has erected in the historic churchyard a memorial to "the man whose hand wrote the Constitution of the United States."

There sleep scores of the famous Morris family. Buried there also is Gouverneur's wife, Anne Carey Randolph of Virginia, who was seventh in line from Pocahontas, Indian Princess.

Lewis Morris, a member of the Continental Congress, only signer of the Declaration of Independence from New York City, and commander - in - chief of the Westchester militia during the American Revolution, sleeps there, and near him lies his wife, Mary Walton, known as the "Mother of Patriots" because she had three sons in the war which gave birth to the nation.

Other members of the family buried there include Lewis Morris, first native-born *Chief Justice of New York,* and first Governor of New Jersey; Capt. William Walton Morris, aide-de-camp to General Wayne; Judge Richard Morris, Chief Justice of the New York State Supreme Court, and many others of the line. With them rests Capt. Richard Morris, first proprietor of Morrisania and founder of the family in America.

The New York State memorial to Gouverneur Morris was unveiled on July 4, 1932, and the dedicatory address was delivered by Representative Anthony J. Griffin of New York.

Served as Diplomat

In his tribute, as quoted in *The Congressional Record,* Representative Griffin spoke of Gouverneur Morris' services in putting the Constitution "into pure English and coordinated articles and sections," and of his labors as American Minister to France during the French Revolution, and concluded:

"This memorial will hand down to future generations a tangible proof that we of this material age are not lacking in knowledge or in appreciation of the services of those who contributed to the upbuilding of our nation.

"With the tomb of Gouverneur Morris on this hallowed spot and this memorial to his achievements erected by a grateful country, giving visual evidence of their appreciation, let the purlieus of this sacred edifice become a national shrine to attract the youth of all succeeding generations as a fountain of inspiration, a source of encouragement and a stimulus to good citizenship and patriotism."

Herald of Cooperation

Japanese Christian Urges Unity Among Individuals and Nations

Seventeen speeches in four days in and around New York failed to exhaust frail-looking Toyohiko Kagawa, far-famed Japanese evangelist, tho he must be accompanied by a physician on his six-month tour of the United States.

A thousand clergymen heard him speak in Brooklyn's First Presbyterian Church about the Japanese cooperatives, which he describes as "practical Christianity" and the spear-head of reform.

Again, at a dinner in the Hotel Astor, 2,500 persons gathered to hear him plead for courage, aggressiveness, unity, and "fire" in Christianity. Denouncing nationalism, he suggested international cooperation as a means of achieving the Kingdom of God on earth.

Opposition to War

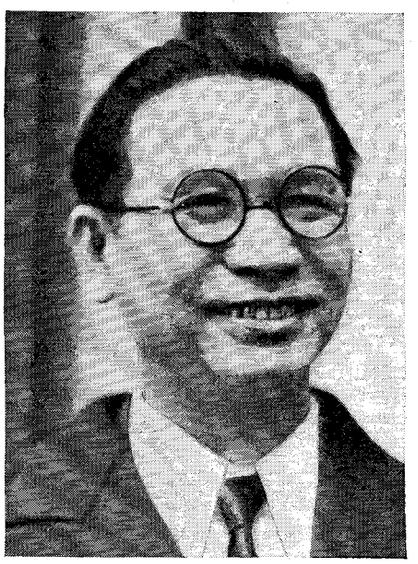
In another address Doctor Kagawa declared that "99 per cent. of Japan's intellectuals are against war," and that the Japanese Diet has passed laws prohibiting expression of bitterness toward the United States.

"I wish," he said, "that your country would pass that sort of law."

In his "Meditations on The Cross" (Willett, Clark & Company) translated by Helen F. Topping and Marion R. Draper, Doctor Kagawa writes:

"Everywhere the world is waiting for those who will sacrifice themselves for others—in the villages, in the towns, in the factories, the schools, the hospitals. For any one who aspires to be a leader it is absolutely necessary to have this spirit of Christ.

"Lenin spoke of being under the banner of Marx, but I want to challenge men everywhere to foregather under the banner of the Cross of Christ."



Acme

Evangelist: Toyohiko Kagawa of Japan made seventeen speeches in four days

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Two Verdicts on Flaming Youth

Missionary Home From India Shocked; Worker From Philippines Finds the Young "Terrible Only in Brutal Frankness"

"We see men, women, and children worshiping the cow, the cobra, the monkey; bowing down before idols of wood and stone. . . .

"We fight against filth, ignorance, superstition, and sin. And somehow, as the years go by, we forget that America has faults and shortcomings. We think of America singing, 'Our fathers' God, to Thee'; stamping on her coins, 'In God We Trust'; putting the Eighteenth Amendment into the Constitution; leading in idealism.

"And then—we come home."

Wide World

"Churches being sold for debt," while America "still had money for ball games"

That home-coming brought bitter disillusionment to Mrs. E. Stanley Jones, Methodist Episcopal missionary in India. She writes of it sorrowfully in *The Missionary Review of The World* (New York). Mrs. Jones is the wife of Dr. E. Stanley Jones, missionary and author of "Christ of the India Road," and other books. She has been a missionary for thirty years, and is home now to place a daughter in school. To quote her in part, Mrs. Jones and her daughter returned:

"To hear oaths and vulgar expressions on the lips of high-school and college girls of good families—expressions once limited to the type of folks with whom one did not associate.

"We noted the change in vocabulary: Self-expression, syncretism, freedom, nudity, thrill; not often the words modesty, decency, duty, responsibility, obligation.

"We were puzzled to find many churches closed on Sunday evening, but cinema doors wide open and crowds pouring in.

"Often we could discover no mid-week prayer meeting, but forums, dramas, scouting, dancing, bridge, in church parlors. To find churches being sold for debt; benevolent budgets cut; Christian work of all kinds being closed because of lack of funds; thousands losing their homes, unable to get work, going on relief; but to find that, apparently, America still had abundant money for ball games, motorcars, movies, cigarettes, and beer. . . .

Query and Reply

"A high-school girl came to see me soon after I arrived. She wore as little as the law allows, and that is very little indeed in some sections of our country. She lit a cigarette and talked of sex in the words of a medical book. Finally she said, 'I suppose you are dreadfully shocked with us?'

" 'No,' I said, 'it would take a good deal to shock a missionary who is as old as I am. But I must confess that I am puzzled. I am wondering why you expect me to be shocked if you consider these things to be perfectly right and proper. And I am wondering why the East, as it becomes more and more what we have always considered "Christianized" and "civilized," tends to put on more clothes, becomes more chaste and reserved in language, drops habits and modes of life that we are taking up.'. . .

"What can a foreigner think who must base his knowledge of America on what he hears on our streets, sees in our dance-halls and on our beaches, reads in our modern magazines and books?"

But, looking through the eyes of another missionary, Dr. Frank C. Laubach of the Philippines, we see another America—an America less debauched than devout.

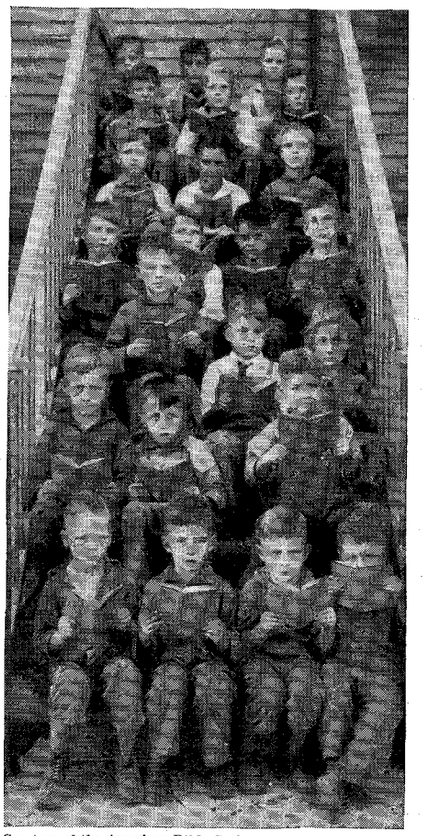
Warm Interest

Doctor Laubach has been a missionary among the Moros for twenty years—sent to the Philippines by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, a Congregationalist organization. Writing in the same issue of *The Missionary Review of The World*, he speaks of the helpful spirit shown by the Rotary, Kiwanis, and Lions Clubs and of the warm interest displayed by fifty men's meetings he visited. And, he continues:

"The farther west we went the warmer and stronger religion became. Chicago was our farthest-west visit. It was also the most aggressively religious—to our great astonishment. The city of murders, corrupt politics, unpaid taxes, and unpaid teachers, did not live down to its reputation.

"We were shown the former rendezvous of Al Capone, and, still glancing furtively backward for possible pursuing gunmen, we were ushered into a Sunday school throbbing with wholesome, healthy, eager children, all of them ready to write letters to any and every Filipino, send boxes of Christmas presents or trunk-loads of books, to convert or educate half the world—anything progressive—and they wanted to get it all done by the following Sunday!

"Every one of twenty-five meetings in Chicago vibrated with that same spirit of 'Let's do it, and let's be at it at once!' Twice I was introduced to audiences of business men by Prof. Arthur Compton, without knowing it! America's leading scientists can be chairmen of missionary meetings—in Chicago, at least.



Courtesy of the American Bible Society

But there still were "wholesome, healthy, eager children" with their Bibles

"In Michigan we were entertained in homes where they read the Bible around the table, two verses for each reader, sang hymns and knelt devoutly to pray—they were not ministers' homes, either. In Ohio, we found a man of large means who would not spend over fifty cents for any meal, so long as other people in America were unable to spend that much.

"But it is youth that have given us our greatest surprize. Before we returned to America we heard shocking stories, and expected to confront bleary-eyed debauchees. Where are these terrible youth? We face in high schools just healthy, lovable young boys and girls; they seem terrible only in brutal frankness. disgusted with sham, but wonderful if you meet their real life-question honestly. The only thing they seem to lack is a gripping cause that sets their hearts on fire. This is just what the cause of Christ can give them."

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On the Current Screen

Cinema Corrects Stage, Which Will Adopt New Ending of "The Petrified Forest" as Better; "The Milky Way" Enormously Funny

Dreamer and gangster: Alan Squier *(Leslie Howard) and* Duke Mantee *(Humphrey Bogart) meet in "The Petrified Forest"*

If there is an earthquake in Hollywood in the next two weeks it will not be the result of a fault in the California subsoil.

Rather, it may be traced cross-country to New York, where a dramatist and a play producer not only have approved the film version of a Broadway stage success, but contemplate rewriting the play to ape the film.

The dramatist is Robert Sherwood, six feet, four inches of militant theater man. Up to now his whole skyscraping frame often has swayed in indignation at the liberties the films take with plays and novels.

The producer is Gilbert Miller, transatlantic *entrepreneur,* who loads the London as well as the Manhattan stages with plays.

Pleasant Surprize

They were invited to a New York preview of "The Petrified Forest," a motion-picture version of the play of the same title by Mr. Sherwood. They expected a mangled, watered result. But when it was over, they had expressed their thanks to the Warner Brothers and had arranged to change the ending of the play when it is produced, this summer, in London.

In the play, *Alan Squier,* a defeated novelist, begs *Duke Mantee,* an Arizona Dillinger, to shoot him down and thus solve all the *Squier* problems. The play ends, or did, with the solicited murder of *Squier.* In the picture version the story still ends in the slaying, but *Squier* does not ask *Mantee* to kill him. As the bandit is about to make a break from a posse, *Squier* jumps to the doorway of the gasoline station lunchroom, and *Mantee* shoots him down without prearrangement.

It is this movieized ending which London will see as the play's new ending.

Amazingly few other changes have been made for the screen. The play stands up, if anything, better than it did in the theater.

The long, emotional speeches between *Mrs. Chisholm,* a bored society woman, and *Mantee* have been cut to a minimum, with the result that both rôles are more effective. The rôle of *Mrs. Chisholm* on the Broadway stage was a maundering, imperfect one.

From the New York company to play it for the screen are Leslie Howard in his original rôle of *Squier* and Humphrey Bogart in his rôle of *Mantee.* It would have been difficult in all Hollywood to find two better players.

The part of *Gabrielle,* impertinently and flawlessly played for the theater by Peggy Conklin, has been turned over to Bette Davis. There will be controversy.

Miss Conklin had the advantage of profanity, which, curiously, was a real help to the creation of the character of *Gabrielle,* the desert waif who longed to see France. Naturally, for picture purposes, the rôle has had its mouth washed out with soap and there is no profanity. It is something of a testament to Miss Davis that she makes *Gabrielle* a live person without untoward, sulphurous language.

Romance and Melodrama

"With a smooth blending of the elements of romance and melodrama," the *Motion Picture Daily* reports, "this picture has power, prestige, and strong entertainment value.

"The action takes place entirely within the confines of a gas station in the Arizona desert and at times reaches points of pronounced suspense. . . . Skilfully directed by Archie Mayo, the production captures in full the spirit of the original Sherwood play."

Says the informative *Film Daily:*

"The famous stage play. . . . has been cunningly translated to the screen, with all of the original play's values retained and many added that could never be encompassed in the narrow limits of the stage.

"Leslie Howard is magnificent. Bette Davis does about the finest and most appealing work of her career. . . . In fact, the entire production is something to talk about."

Audiences will be astonished at the care taken in keeping some of the long, philosophic speeches of the play intact in the film. Up to now, long motion-picture speeches have been shied from as if they were a poison. Mr. Sherwood's lengthy stretches of dialog have not been tampered with and, strangely, do not impede the action of the picture.

* * *

Prize-Ring Comedy

In the long course of its film-making history few pictures have been as troublous to Paramount as the screen version of a mild stage comedy, "The Milky Way."

Platoons of scenarists scratched at the job of making the story into a picture. Cast changes had to be made.

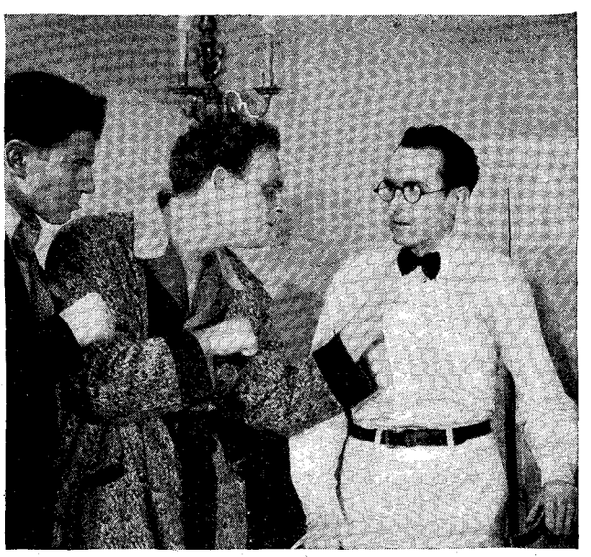
Long weeks after the cameras began to turn, important players had to drop out. Adolphe Menjou was sent to a hospital for many days. Verree Teasdale was stricken with appendicitis. Other troubles harassed the production.

Whatever the pains and headaches, the result is atonement. Harold Lloyd's new picture is brisk, enormously funny comedy about a mouselike milkman who is catapulted into pugilism. It may, as entertainment and fun, be stacked high up with his better pictures from the silent days. It definitely ranks out front with his talkies.

Three expert scenarists, in the final version, are credited with supplying a filmable plot. They are Grover Jones, Frank Butler, and Richard Connell. Among them and Mr. Lloyd, who is a shrewd clown, the picture sparkles with authentic wit.

Their plot is simplicity itself, which may have been the trouble before. Scenarists often complicate a comedy story.

Burleigh Sullivan, a bashful milkman, was so beset by bullies as a youngster that



In "The Milky Way," **Spider Shultz** ***(Lionel Stander) and*** **Speed McFarland** ***(William Gargan) are not amused by*** **Burleigh Sullivan,** ***"the fighting milkman" (Harold Lloyd)***

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he developed the art of ducking a punch to a highly efficient degree. His life, as a result of timorousness, is filled with trouble. One day he becomes embroiled in a sidewalk adventure with *Speed McFarland*, the middleweight champion. The champion's dumb trainer jumps in, swings on *Sullivan*, and *Sullivan* ducks. The blow strikes the champion and knocks him out. Next day newspapers blazon the news that a rabbity milkman floored the champion.

Gabby Sloan, the champ's manager, frantic to protect his fighter's reputation, persuades the milkman to become a pugilist. The plan is to build *Sullivan* up to fame, through a series of faked fights, then match him with the champ. *McFarland*, in the title bout, is to knock *Sullivan* into the next county and thus regain his prestige.

A series of goofy accidents send *Sullivan* to the peak of the fighting game. His luck is so fantastic that even the girl who pities his dumbness is willing to marry him.

"Harold Lloyd's new one is a gag-bejeweled farce of the prize-ring," the *Hollywood Reporter* announces. "It registers a laugh-count of about two a minute for its entire length and that is something of a record even for Lloyd.

Amiable and Agile

". . . The star is, of course, very much his amiable, agile, and unabashed self, always likable and effortlessly funny.

"Sharing his laugh-making is the impeccable Adolphe Menjou, now a gum-chewing and vociferous fight-promoter, full of wild activity and surprizing facial comicality.

"With him is Lionel Stander, tough-mug trainer with a stentorian voice, extracting a laugh from every scrap of action. William Gargan is a handsome and vigorous champion, nicely fitted to win Helen Mack, Lloyd's pert and pretty little sister, who can do a bit of farcing herself with half a chance. Verree Teasdale is delightful as a dryly wise-cracking Juno of the fight crowd."

Equally enthusiastic is the previewing *Hollywood Daily Variety*, which writes:

"The dialog is tops for laughs, so much so that most tags were missed through the overlapping of laughs. Picture demonstrates that Lloyd, who dropped in popularity with the coming of sound, can deliver when properly backed by cast and yarn."

Film Ratings

These ratings represent a consensus arrived at by analysis of the comment of screen reviewers throughout the country. They are not arbitrary ratings set by THE LITERARY DIGEST Screen Editor.

***AAAA*—"Mutiny on the Bounty"; "A Tale of Two Cities"; "Strike Me Pink"; "The Story of Louis Pasteur"; "The Petrified Forest."**

***AAA*—"A Night at the Opera"; "Annie Oakley"; "Sylvia Scarlett"; "The Ghost Goes West"; "La Maternelle"; "The Milky Way."**

***AA*—"Hands Across the Table"; "Frisco Kid"; "If You Could Only Cook."**

The ratings are *AAAA*, Excellent; *AAA*, Good; *AA*, Acceptable, and *A*, Poor.

Theater Creates Its Springtime

Magical Illusion of "Call It a Day" Mocks Winter Outside Theater; Brilliant Casting by Guild; Gunning Critics Amiable

Vandamm

Philip Merivale and Jeanne Dante, as his daughter, in "Call It a Day"

The Firing Squad of Broadway is composed of fourteen alert, cultivated men of the Diogenes breed. Whereas that helpless man went combing alleys for an honest human, these fourteen go combing theaters for an honest play.

They have got quite bitter in the ancient, almost hopeless quest and, as a sad result, are prone to shoot down at sight any play that is even tremblingly dishonest.

Last week, in the Morosco Theater, they stacked their shotguns and locked the triggers, content to let a dishonest play pass unharmed. Indeed, they welcomed it and embraced it.

Really Not a Play

It was, in all truth, not a play at all. Technically speaking, of course. It violated some of the soundest "Don'ts" of the profession. But, when it was over, the Theater Guild's audience was conscious of a glowing production, a warm, amiable story, and performances made of pure gold.

The rigid forms of technique may be ignored for a gift like that.

This new play is "Call It a Day," the first play in three years by Miss Dodie Smith, the English school-teacher who wrote a play called "Autumn Crocus," signed it as by C. L. Anthony, and settled back on new-bought cushions to enjoy her royalties.

She describes, in this one, the intoxicating effects of the first day of an English spring on a normal, average British middle-class family. The vernal bewitchment begins at 8 o'clock in the morning and ends at midnight, by which time father, mother, stalwart son, two adolescent daughters, and the family terrier have felt the giddy magic of the world in bloom.

Miss Smith tells it in nine scenes, three scenes to the act. Inexorably the clock goes forward through the day. Just as inexorably, this fascinating *Hilton* family moves on from the commonplaces of a morning shower and a British breakfast to the enchantments of spring.

The oldest daughter becomes infatuated with the artist who is painting her, the youngest daughter weaves rosy dreams over Rossetti's paintings and Shelley's poems. And so on.

The day begins with a flood of warm sunshine and ends in dizzying moonlight. At midnight, a cold wind springs up and blows away the distractions caused by spring.

Miss Smith's play has the effective aid of a cast in which no flaw is to be found. Even the English players in the minor rôles contribute to a rare concert of performance.

"Gratefully," says Gilbert Gabriel in the New York *American*, "I'll make you a list of many major players before settling on the two stars. Gratefully because it is such a good list. It includes Florence Williams, Lawrence Grossmith, Glenn Anders, Frances Williams, Valerie Cossart, John Buckmaster, Claudia Morgan, and Esther Mitchell.

Pinafore Triumph

"It also includes little Jeanne Dante. Having hallooed this surprizingly lovely and expert child as long ago as 'Thunder On The Left,' I take extra pleasure in repeating that there's no actress even twice her age in town her better at poise, at instinctive timing, at feeling for her part. Thirteen years old, she pretty nearly puts the whole evening in her pinafore pocket and skips away with it.

"Which leaves us only Miss Cooper's and Mr. Merivale's sober and righteous performances-in-chief to note."

There is more detail about these stars in the notice prepared by Brooks Atkinson for the New York *Times:*

"Miss Cooper and Mr. Merivale," he writes, "give the chief parts the warmth of their presence and the tact of good drawing-room acting."

And even more to the point is Robert Garland in the New York *World-Telegram:*

"Free from problems, protests, and propaganda, 'Call It a Day' will call it a night at the Morosco for some time to come. Playgoers without irons in the fire shall rise and call it blessed."

In the final weigh-up, "Call It a Day" is one of those charming and delicious plays which, night after night, will, at some time in its length, fire up an intimate, dormant memory in every individual in the audience. It will cause every man and woman present to say, privately: "That has happened to me, just that way."

And that, whether it be an overboiled egg, underdone toast, hair tonic in the eyes, a family scramble for the lone morning shower, or the enchantment of early April.

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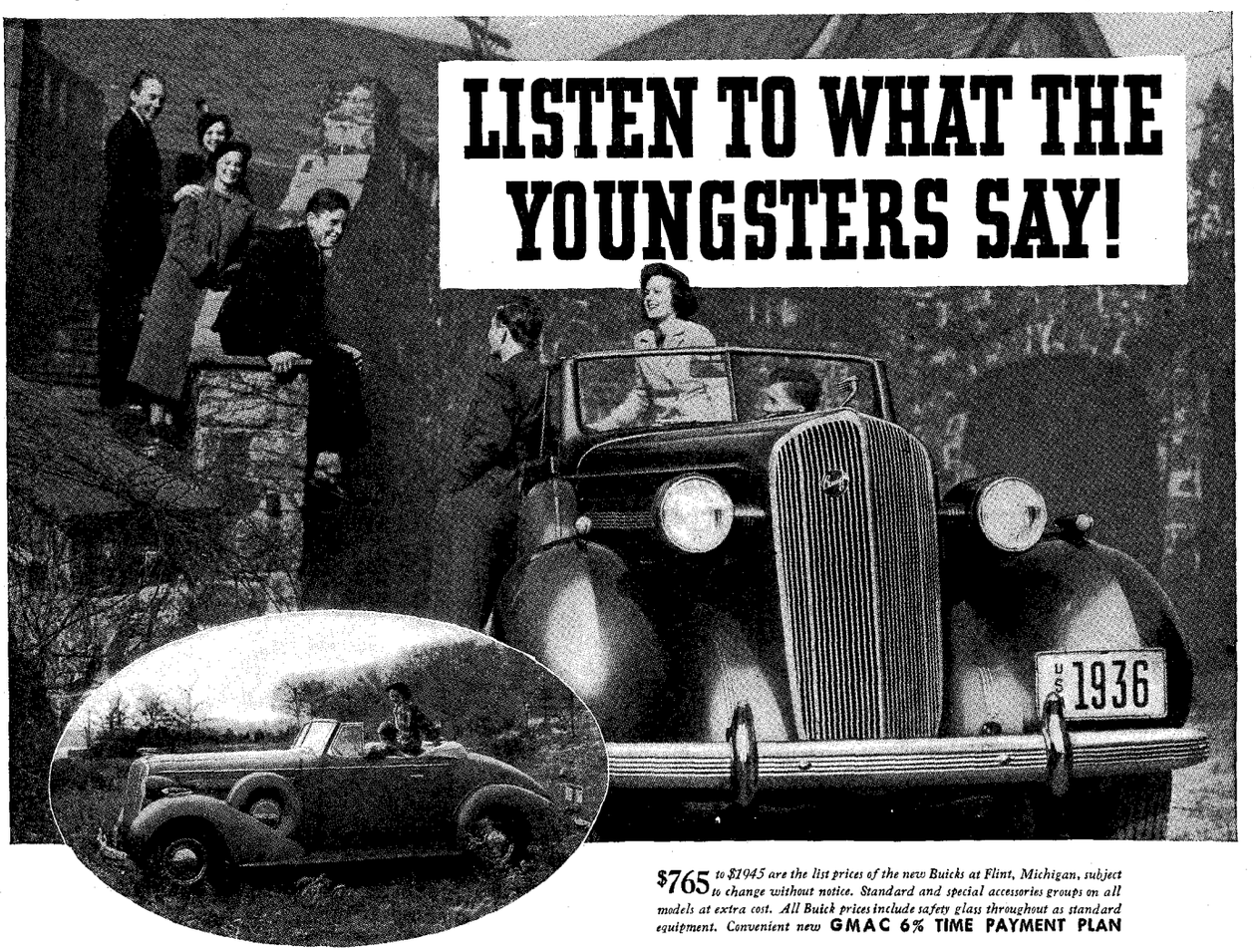

$765 *to $1945 are the list prices of the new Buicks at Flint, Michigan, subject to change without notice. Standard and special accessories groups on all models at extra cost. All Buick prices include safety glass throughout as standard equipment. Convenient new* **GMAC 6% TIME PAYMENT PLAN**

IT MEANS a great deal that the young people of America have swung wholeheartedly over to Buick as the stand-out "buy" of the year.

For young folks have an instinct that leads them to what's what in motor cars as surely as a setter's nose guides him to quail!

The new Buicks call clearly to youth—they were designed to—in the lean, clean, sleek look of them—in the exuberant vitality of their thrilling performance.

And from the outset, from the first glimpse, youth took them to their hearts—and voiced an enthusiastic vote for a modern car that's good to look at and sweet to handle as well as being aerodynamically right.

Maybe it takes an oldster's background to appreciate Buick engineering history—the sense of the great valve-in-head engine's straight-line combustion, of mastering vibration by precision instead of smothering it with rubber, of a power-shaft that leaves springs free to cradle the car.

But, give these youngsters a chance and they'll ferret out these and a dozen other good reasons why Buick is a better engineering buy than anything else at or near its price.

But, unless they want to, they don't have to go that deep! They know from its feel, from its manner, from its serene arrogant sureness in traffic snarl or on the open road that Buick is buoyantly able, eager, durable and *dependable* beyond match.

So, when you look at the four lines, four sizes, that make up the 1936 Buick offering, take the younger members of your family along. They'll help you pick the one that fits your purse and purpose.

★ ★ ★ ★

NO OTHER CAR IN THE WORLD HAS ALL THESE FEATURES

Valve-in-Head Straight-Eight Engine • Anolite Pistons • Sealed Chassis • Luxurious "Turret Top" Body by Fisher with Fisher No Draft Ventilation • Tiptoe Hydraulic Brakes • Knee-Action Comfort and Safety • Torque-Tube Drive • Automatic Starting, Spark and Heat Control • Built-in Luggage Compartments • Front-End Ride Stabilizer.

Buick 8

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

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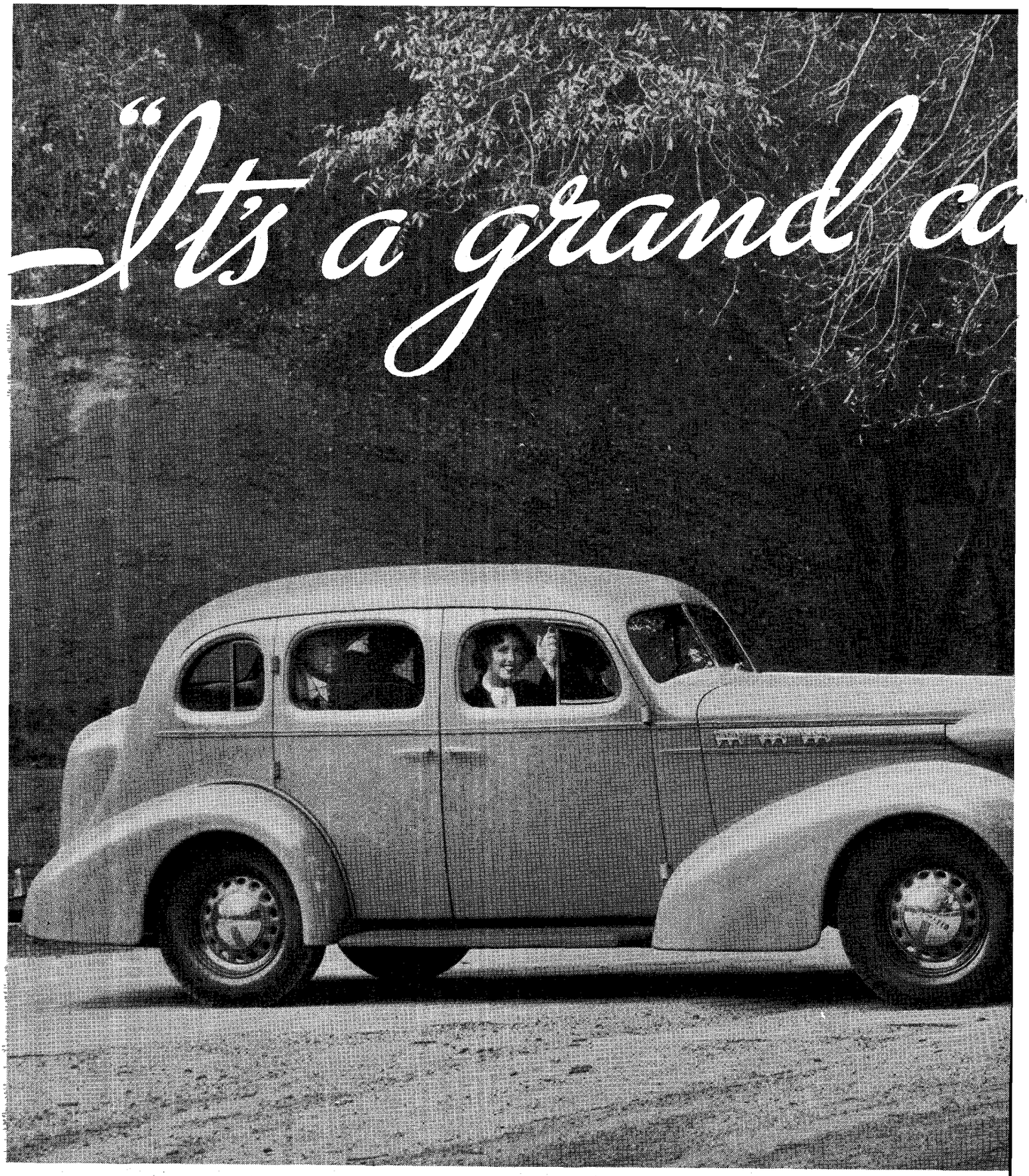

THE longer and farther they drive it, the more often Oldsmobile owners repeat this praise of the new Oldsmobile . . . "It's a grand car to drive!" Owners everywhere feel an honest pride in Oldsmobile's smart and original streamline styling. They take keenest delight in Oldsmobile's smoother, livelier and more economical performance. And they find genuine satisfaction in the full quota of modern fine-car features that make Oldsmobile so easy to steer and shift and brake . . . so comfortable and safe to ride in. Take the wheel of an Oldsmobile yourself. Put it through its thrilling paces. You will find that "The Car That Has Everything" is the car that *gives* everything in pure driving

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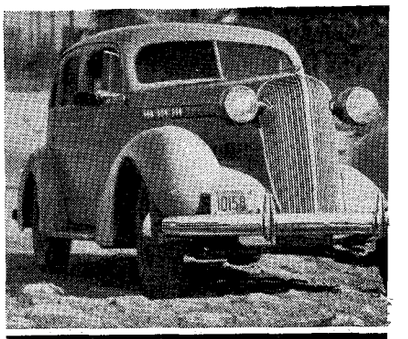
to drive!"

—because it has Everything!

KNEE-ACTION WHEELS—Independently operating front wheels "step over" bumps and holes in the road. Together with the Ride Stabilizer, they give both front and rear seat passengers a restful, gliding ride, whether the roads are rough or smooth.



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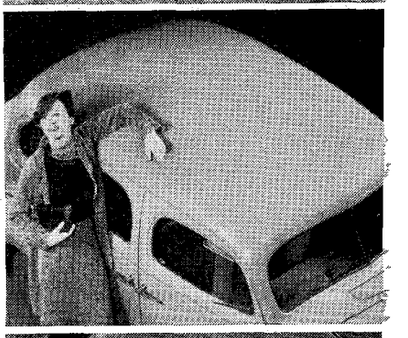

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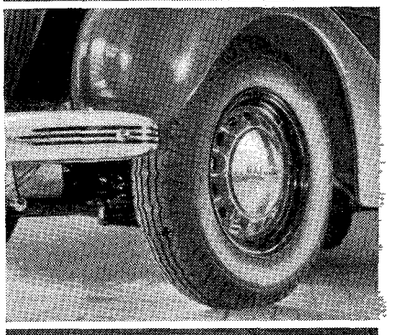

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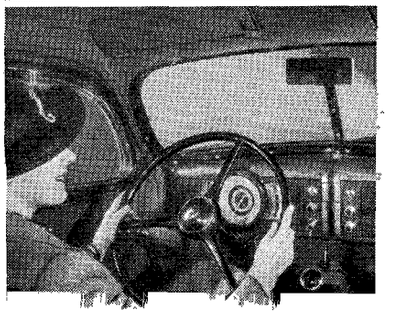

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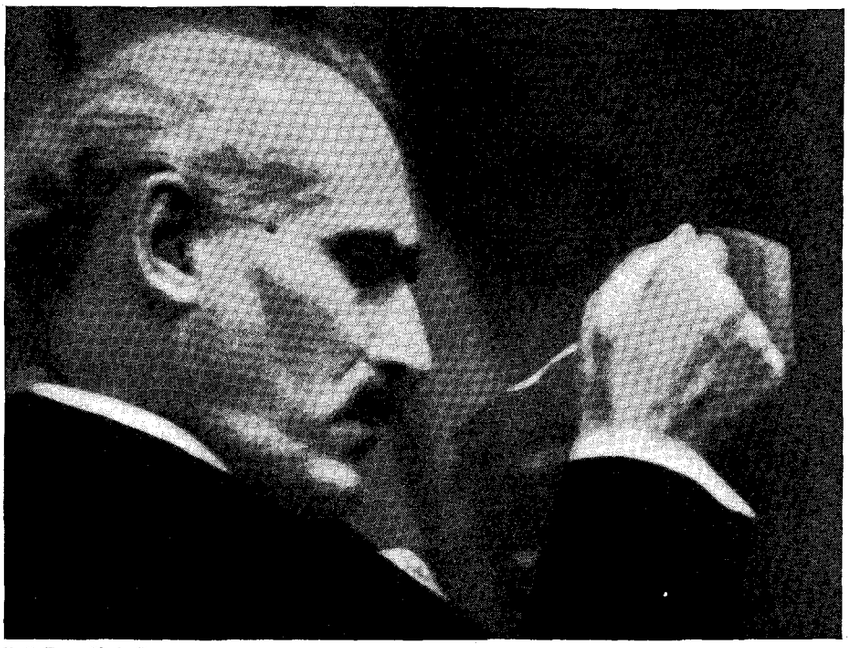
Toscanini: "One-Track Mind"

Critics Abandon Restraint, Apply Term "Perfection" to His Wielding of Baton; An Exacting Taskmaster in Rehearsals

"Perfection" was the word applied last week to the work of a slender little man with bushy gray hair, piercing eyes, and a face described as resembling "an alabaster cast, glowing from the light of candles within."

The word, infrequently used in music criticism, went to Maestro Arturo Toscanini, who, for the tenth season, is conducting the New York Philharmonic Orchestra.

Reports that this would be his last year were denied early this winter; but among music-lovers the idea seems still to persist.



Skall From Black Star

Arturo Toscanini is both near-sighted and camera-shy; this picture was snapped while he was examining the program at a concert given by his son-in-law

The sixty-nine-year-old conductor only recently returned with new laurels from Europe. Vienna papers had acclaimed him. Not content with conducting the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra so that audiences were set afire, he took charge of the staging and direction of Beethoven's sole opera "Fidelio," and Verdi's "Falstaff."

Critics ran out of superlatives. Tickets to Toscanini evenings were unattainable.

World's Greatest

Coinciding with Maestro Toscanini's resumption of the New York Philharmonic baton is the publication of Paul Stefan's biography, "Toscanini." It describes his career from the time he was a boy 'cellist in Parma, Italy, to his present recognition as the world's greatest conductor.

As a conductor, Toscanini has been "by no means an accommodating taskmaster," writes his biographer. "Even during rehearsal he expected each player to outdo the ordinary. 'Never play as usual,' he would exclaim.

"Indeed his whole life has been a struggle against the habitual, the worst enemy of mankind and of the practise of the arts in especial. Mengelberg, while conducting rehearsals, continually exclaims: 'A hundred per cent., please!' Toscanini adjures: 'Everything must sing!' Absolute perfection, such alertness as not to miss the smallest sign, whether written or of the baton—these are Toscanini's demands."

Illustrating Mr. Stefan's book are a sheaf of remarkably candid photographs of Toscanini in action during rehearsals. They show him pleading with the gesture of prayer, "shushing" with a finger pressed to his lips, shouting with an accusing finger, gesticulating for a crescendo, and finally wiping the perspiration from his forehead.

But, in a concert, Toscanini is unlike the conventional conception of a conductor. He avoids exaggerated gestures, or swishing his baton through the air like a ringmaster's whip.

His men know what he wants from long, grilling rehearsals. At rehearsals he drives his musicians—unmercifully, if need be. Before an audience the subtlest motion of a finger conveys what he wants.

Demands Perfection

Describing a typical Toscanini rehearsal, Samuel Chotzinoff wrote in *The New Yorker:*

"He demands perfection at all times, from himself as well as his men and to get perfection he commands, beseeches, threatens, storms, and cajoles.

"'*Secondi violini,*' he exclaimed once, sinking to his knees and clasping his hands toward the astonished second fiddle section. 'See, I pray to you—give me the *pianissimo* I desire—I pray to you, on my knees. . . .' But when the bass clarinetist failed to appear in time to blow his one or two notes in 'Till Eulenspiegel,' Toscanini shrieked 'Assassin' and clutched his head in despair. . . .

"Those distressing moments, so frequent during a season, are known to the family by the cataclysmic name of 'tempests.'

"When a tempest is in progress not even the two Toscanini girls dare approach their father. They wait patiently at the door until Mrs. Toscanini, an adept at turning away musical wrath, announces, with the impersonal manner of a weather bulletin, 'Come in, the tempest is over.'"

Kings Must Beware

The Toscanini rest period during intermissions is sacred, inviolable. Even a King can not break that rule.

Once ex-King Ferdinand of Bulgaria went backstage and asked to see the conductor. To Toscanini's "No!" the irate King retorted: "But it is Ferdinand of Bulgaria."

Toscanini remained adamant.

Appraising Toscanini's work, Lawrence Gilman, Music-Critic of the New York *Herald Tribune*, writes:

"What is it that he signifies? Well, let us recall him as he has ever been, as he is to-day: the fanatical, unslakable perfectionist who cares with so preposterous an intensity for the idea of beauty and excellence which possesses him, that saner minds, content with easier ways, can but shake their heads over his madness, and wonder at the delusion of this great dreamer who would set his dream against the world.

"One-Track Mind"

"Mr. Toscanini is remarkable in many ways; but in nothing is he so remarkable as in his possession of what a dead statesman called a one-track mind.

"In Mr. Toscanini's mind, this single track is that which runs between his conception of ideal excellence and its possible realization. For him it is a one-way route, without sidings, without branches."

"One-track" tho he may be in demanding perfection, Toscanini can at times completely forget his musical scores. In London last summer, seeing his first "Mickey Mouse" film, he cried, enraptured:

"Magnificent! Incredible! I shall ask Mr. Disney to my home. *Si, si!* I insist."

Composers Take Bows

It is among the grayer traditions in the concert world that the last person one might expect to meet at the event would be the composer of the music being played.

It has been considered fully sufficient to include his name on the printed program, a system which has forced composers to be content with remote-control homage.

Audiences, through the years, have become somewhat narcotized by the system and the result is that shoals of music-patrons often credit very live composers with being very dead.

Some weeks ago, at a concert in Carnegie Hall, there was spirited applause after the

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performance. The musicians took their bows and departed. The handclapping continued. Most heads in the audience were turned toward a box. In it, a man finally stood up, bowed, and sat down.

"Who is that man?" a woman asked.

"The composer," said her companion.

"The composer?" she snorted. "Why, I thought all composers were dead!"

In New York, the notion is slowly being worn away. The trick is being done with live composers by the Composers' Forum Laboratory, a WPA project. At weekly concerts, free to the public, the entire program is devoted to one composer. If he can not be present in person, there is no concert.

Music listeners who may have assumed that all composers are dead may come, hear a work played by a string quartet, individual musicians, or even a symphony, and then see the author appear on the stage very lifelike, indeed.

Complete Informality

Complete informality reigns. Questions are pelted at the composer from the audience.

"How did you get your inspiration?" a bewildered amateur composer will demand.

"How long did the composition take?" a harried musician will ask.

Questions on mechanics and technique come from music-students. Homely, sometimes naïve, questions come from laymen. The composer is transformed from a name in cold type on the program to a living being eager to talk to his public.

Composers who have appeared for playing of their works include Roy Harris, Isadore Freed, Virgil Thomson, Daniel Gregory Mason, and Henry Cowell. Still others are scheduled.

"The success of the project," Bay C. B. Brown, Music-Editor of the Washington *Post*, tells his readers, "confirms my belief that the time is ripe for a thoroughly organized movement on behalf of living composers.

"Their music must be performed and they must be given a fair chance to prove the viability of their works. . . . For the development of creative musical art in this country it is essential that we, as a people, do our listeners' part, and not dismiss a new composition with a shrug or a smile just because we do not understand it at first hearing."

The Small and Great

Small names mingle with the important at the concerts, which are drawing increasingly large audiences. An unknown young music-student from Philadelphia may be sandwiched in between two composers as eminent as Harris or Mason.

When possible, the youngsters are supposed to bring not only the sheaf of manuscript, but the musicians to play it. If the composer comes alone, however, musicians are arranged for him. He can requisition anything from a bassoonist or vocalist to a symphony orchestra.

"There can be no question as to the present and potential significance of this movement in encouragement of American composers," declares *Musical Courier*.

I've just seen 25th Century Magic

by Graham McNamee, *Ace Radio and Sports Commentator*

I HAVE SEEN amazing feats of skill in my years as a radio reporter and sports announcer—but I've just witnessed the most remarkable demonstration of skill and accuracy I ever laid eyes on!

The other day I made an inspection trip through the Gillette factory in Boston where Gillette blades are produced. Here is a house of magic if there ever was one! The equipment there is as amazing—as bewildering—as the mechanical wonders you'd expect to see 500 years from now.

These Gillette machines are so accurate, so finely adjusted that they turn out shaving edges which are actually *invisible*—edges measuring about 1/80,000 of an inch in thickness! It takes sheer magic to measure edges as fine as these. And that's why they use an exclusive "magical" device called the "photo-electric eye" in which a beam of light gauges sharpness with amazing accuracy.

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With all this amazing scientific equipment . . . this painstaking craftsmanship . . . this superhuman accuracy, I just don't see how Gillette blades could possibly be equalled for downright shaving comfort. In fact, if all men could see what I've just seen, I feel sure they'd always say "Gillette" when they ask for razor blades.

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Letters and Art

News of the Book World

Men in Sun Helmets. By Vic Hurley. 252 pp. (New York: E. P. Dutton and Company; $2.50.)

Vic Hurley, who, in "Southeast of Zamboanga," established himself as a beguiling teller of tales concerning the Philippines, now, in "Men in Sun Helmets," enlarges his reputation. He deserted the brush in Mindanao, fed up with his life as a "company man," running a coconut factory, disciplining Moros, and resisting the spell of the tropics.

He concludes, somewhat bitterly: "I am like a small piece of crude rubber in a warehouse filled with automobile tires; when road shocks wear me away I will be replaced by some one else who will be taught not to think, in turn."

Yet his stories are alive with a sympathetic affection and, one suspects, a sneaking homesickness for the East.

He even confesses that out there, under his sun helmet, he lived above a style his kind could support in the States. To be sure, he writes of men living beyond their means and how some of them sign strange names to Chinese money-lenders' notes.

The author's method is to propound a perplexity concerning the customs of the islands and then to illustrate it with an incident. The result is that the reader gets the notion he knows the Philippines and Filipinos pretty well. Some of the tales are rather gruesome, such as that concerning the lost aviators, rendered into whitened skeletons in two days by ants.

* * *

The Rainbow. By Donald R. Richberg. 319 pp. (Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Doran and Company; $2.50.)

Donald Richberg, chief of the NRA when the Supreme Court declared it unconstitutional, has chosen as a capsule review of his whole thesis, and used as a title-page quotation, Kipling's:

> "Let us admit it fairly, as a business people should,
> We have had no end of a lesson, it should do us no end of good."

The author maintains a dispassionate attitude toward recovery problems. In conclusion, he says: "The future depends primarily on the extent to which obligations will be voluntarily assumed; because self-discipline can accomplish reforms utterly beyond the power of political compulsion. Even if enlightened business leadership rises to its present opportunity, it can not expect to compel any large dissenting minorities to bow to the will of mere majorities."

Most of the book is a review of the recovery program and a restatement of the points at issue. In a chapter entitled "Looking Ahead" he states the case for the conservative—"it is very difficult to draw the lines clearly between fair and unfair competition in business; and . . . it is practically impossible to fix a fair price or a fair wage"—and for the radical—"perhaps all our intelligent men of affairs are too much engrossed in their immediate problems to give adequate attention to the continuing and steadily growing problem of improving the existing economic system so that our ship will keep afloat and ride out future storms." He also says, "Both conservative and radical prophets, whether fearing or desiring a revolutionary movement, would be wise to prophesy a slow undermining of American ideas and institutions rather than any sudden overthrow."

Acme

Donald R. Richberg, author, thinks the NRA lesson "should do us no end of good"

He states that "the present negative policy of forbidding any cooperative action that may restrict competition should be flatly reversed in favor of a positive policy, recognizing that cooperation is the natural and effective method of checking the destructive force of unbridled competition." The desideratum, he believes, is voluntary self-control by the large business majority.

* * *

Swear By the Night. By Nathalia Crane. 59 pp. (New York: Random House; $1.50.)

A wide-eyed schoolgirl who had swallowed the dictionary and developed an ear for the music of words published, a few years ago, a book of verse entitled "The Janitor's Boy."

Some, recalling Daisy Ashford, suspected the work was that of a group of rimers who, they believed, had perpetrated a "genial" hoax. Others hinted darkly that Nathalia's elderly father was the bard and she only his amanuensis. Yet others were among the true believers. The debate became heated and often unscholarly, when, a little later, "Lava Lane" appeared as the child's.

The little girl took the big words hurled back and forth by the *cognoscenti* in inky battle-array with something akin to wonder. But she kept on writing and, when nigh on to seventeen, wrote a novel which still ranks close to zero as brilliant fiction.

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At this point an anonymous *Midas* intervened, packed Nathalia off to Barnard College and told her to get an education. The only condition imposed required her to keep her poetry to herself. Her muse was to be put in cold storage that her mind might come down out of the clouds conjured up from her dictionary pages, to grapple with human problems. This wise *deus ex machina* serenely awaited the passage of time to prove Nathalia's poetry her own.

And so it is. In "Swear By the Night" one still encounters colorful words strung together in an astonishing singsong.

Thus, in the poem "Armistice Day," one finds a quaint conceit of doubtful meaning which reads, "And peace rising out of a thimble."

But, in the title poem, she causes Pegasus to spread his wings and soar as she chants:

"Swear by the night forever;
Reach for a faultless land;
You may touch what the blinding brightness
Refuses to understand."

The comma-chaser might point out that the sentiment is ancient. It is; but the manner of saying it is Nathalia's own. And there is neither ancient nor empty poesy in "The Playthings," which begins:

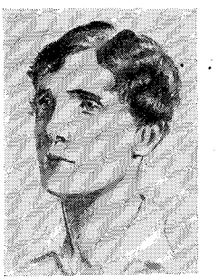
"The thunder scolds the cricket
For a noisy afternoon;
The lightning feigns a yawn's fatigue
When the glowworm mimes the moon."

The dedication, to the mysterious donor of her college courses, proclaims that in her search for the benefactor, "I seek a dealer in unuttered words." Now a proper young lady, Nathalia still astonishes.

* * *

"Personal Pleasures." By Rose Macaulay. (The Macmillan Company; $2.50.)

Rose Macaulay is easily pleased. She has so many personal pleasures she can list them alphabetically and write about them in no fewer than sixty essays.



Rose Macaulay

Miss Macaulay likes going abroad, family albums, the smell of a bakery at night, getting into bed, not getting out of bed, believing, book auctions, chasing fireflies, going to church, the departure of visitors, disbelieving, driving a car, eating and drinking, finishing a book, flattery, flying, following the fashion, not answering letters, hot baths, ignorance (of her neighbors, of gossip, of current literature, of wickedness, and of what lies between the covers of her bank-book), amending the dictionary, not going to parties, going to parties, showing off, solitude, Sunday, taking umbrage, telling travelers' tales, walking, and writing.

Miss Macaulay likes believing. "Yes," she says, "I believe everything; you can not tell me anything that I can not believe."

She believes "that most things move the underjaw when eating, the crocodile not; that sirloins were knighted by an English king; that Diogenes lived in a tub, St. Simeon Stylites on a pillar, chameleons on air, salamanders in fire, mermen in the sea; that corpses bleed when their murderer approaches; that what I read in the newspapers is true.

"It is good to believe so much. The only drawback is that I never have that fine truculent moment when I say to my informant, 'You lie.' "

And Miss Macaulay likes Following the Fashion.

She has a dress with puffed sleeves. It hangs in her wardrobe, taking a lot of room. She has shoes with high heels; about three inches. She can wear them if she wants to.

She thinks she will turn in her old Morris car for a small stream-lined green thing. It will not be so good for touring, but it will look better. She thinks she will write her memoirs, and a book about contemporary writers, and some tough-guy stories and some tough-guy poetry.

"I like being in the fashion," she says.

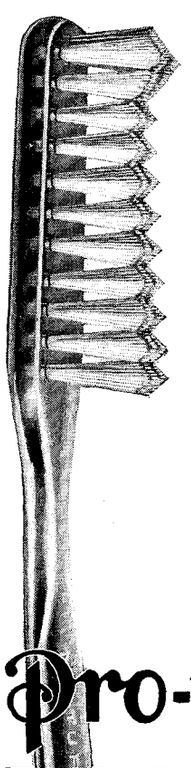
"I may join the Communists.

"Or I may write a novel a million words long, and very strong; the longest and strongest novel of the season.

"The trouble about the fashions is, there are too many going on at once, and you can't follow them all.

"Sometimes I think I will give them all up, and just be dowdy."

too STARTLING to be TRUE?



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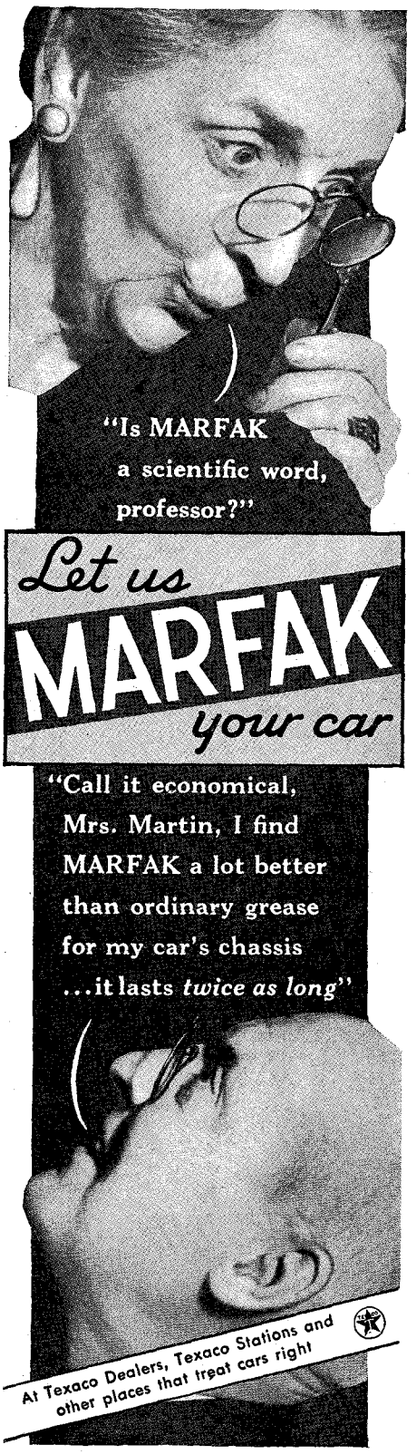

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Current Poetry

Unsolicited contributions to this department will not be returned. Unpublished poetry is not acceptable

THE QUEST OF DON SEBASTIAN

By Nathalia Crane

Don Sebastian Barbanel—
His years were only four—
Upon high adventure bent
Unlatched a closet door.

Don Sebastian Barbanel—
He clapped a hand to head;
Before him on a rack were strung
The dresses of the dead.

Ladies gone away—
Thoughtless as the rain;
Stands a knight disquieted,
Muttering in Spain.

Ladies gone away—
Wore but chains of gold;
In a state of heedlessness—
Ladies catching cold.

Don Sebastian Barbanel,
A nobleman of four,
He bids an old retainer lead
His burro to the door;

And all the flags in Aragon
Are stirring once again—
He rides with raiment on his arm
For honor and for Spain.

—*From "Swear by the Night"* (Random House, New York.)

LORD OF THE QUIET HEART

By Arthur W. Peach

Lord of the quiet heart, who knew the sound
Of raging streets with anger loud,
Yet walked serene in faith that saw
Beyond the blindness of the crowd—
Help us to find the even way,
Through all the clamor of this day.

Lord of the gentle eyes, who saw the bright
Spear-points beneath Thee gleam and toss,
Yet heard with tenderness the thief's
Faint cry for mercy from His cross—
Remember us, that we may hear
The whispered hope, the accent near.

Lord of the stedfast will, whose vision clear
Saw all the travail of the years,
Beyond which lies the world to be
That knows no human wrath or tears—
Help us to see with eyes unsealed
Thy harvest that the years shall yield!

—*New York Times.*

ENGIMA IN ALTMAN'S

By Phyllis McGinley

It is a strange, miraculous thing
About department stores,
How elevators upward wing
By twos and threes and fours,

How pale lights gleam, how cables run
All day without an end,
Yet how reluctant, one by one,
The homing cars descend.

They soar to Furniture, or higher,
They speed to Gowns and Gifts,
But when the bought weighs down the buyer,
Late, late, return the lifts.

Newton, himself, beneath his tree,
Would ponder this and frown:
How what goes up so frequently
So seldom cometh down.

—*The New Yorker.*

THE COST

By Mary Brent Whiteside

It was visible then within a glass
Where delicate shadows of things could pass.
They asked: "Is love an ultimate thing?"
And they plucked a rose, and they brought a ring.

They proffered a gown of shimmering stuff,
Not even a princess could love enough.
An empire might have been bought for less,—
A rose and a ring and a silken dress.

I handled the glass, and I peered within.
"To-morrow," they said, "will summer begin."
But through the mirror the snow fell dark,
And winter was blowing across the park.

How fatal a thing was the gift they gave—
They had torn the rose from a lover's grave.
But never a tongue shall dare confess
The ultimate cost of the silken dress.

—*Silhouettes.*

BLACK STALLION

By Marion Doyle

The beautiful black stallion men call night
Hurdles, with one long leap, the sunset bars;
His flying, wild mane jeweled with a touch of lilac light,
And his graceful cloud-hooves shod with diamond stars.

—*The Household Magazine.*

FROM THE SILENCE

By Gordon Hamlin

We went the way of mire and mud
That none should go that way of pain;
We paid the price in youthful blood,
That none might pay that price again.

We saw it through—the Lord knows how,
For he, too, trod the path of pain.
What came of it? How stands it now?
Must it be borne anew?—again?

—*The Baptist Times.*

PRETENSE

By Marion Lee

How flimsy are the garments of excuses!
Transparent as the cobwebs meadows wear—
And none so bold as those who glibly don them,
Pretending not to care.

—*Wings.*

Nathalia Crane who in her newer poems has retained her earlier powers to charm

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The Lexicographer's Easy Chair

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

As this Department receives a great many more inquiries than it can publish, only such of these as appear to the Editors as of general interest to the greatest number of Readers are printed.

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers who require immediate attention will receive it if they enclose a stamped return envelop. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

"broad a."—"M. C. F.," New York City. In the United States, such words as *demand, command*, etc., are correctly pronounced with the *a* as in *man*. In England the sound of *a* in these words is the same as that accorded to it in *bath, ask, chant, aunt;* or, as the New Standard Dictionary says, "an intermediate vowel, higher than *a* of *arm* but not so high as *a* of *bare*." The sound is difficult for one unaccustomed to it to acquire. However, *demand, command*, etc., do not have the median *a* sound in the United States.

Many Americans who have traveled in England, hearing the so-called English broad *a*—really, that median sound of *a*—try to adopt it as their own. The result amuses an Englishman and annoys other Americans. The Englishman does not say *demahnd*, nor *bahth*, nor *chahnt;* but the American ear does not always catch the distinction.

climb.—"A. S. C.," Wauchula, Fla.—The verb *climb* is correctly employed when used in reference to an ascent made with difficulty, as by the use of both hands and feet. One speaks correctly in saying, "He *climbed* the Alps." A feeble person or child *climbs* the stairs if he grasps the hand-rail to assist in raising himself from step to step. A strong person *walks*, or *goes*, up the stairs. *Climbing* is the present participle of the verb *climb*. The idioms, *to climb up, to climb down, to climb over*, have all been accepted usage for many years. In each, the act of raising oneself or lowering oneself with difficulty is implied. These expressions have been in the language for centuries. "To climb up" dates from 1123; "to climb down" from 1300, and "to climb over" from 1580. They are so well established in the language that they are recognized as correct.

-ic, -ical.—"R. A. Y.," New York City.—If you will consult the remarks in the dictionary under *-ical*, you will see that the terminations *-ic* and *-ical* are identical in meaning, and that the employment of one or the other is largely a matter of euphony. The dictionary does not record all of the numerous derived forms of root-words as this would unnecessarily increase the bulk of the volume. In other words, one may say neurologic or neurological; psychiatric or psychiatrical, depending upon personal preference or euphony.

ridiculousness.—"V. S.," High Point, N. C.—This word has been in the language since 1603 and means: "The state or quality of being ridiculous; absurdity." It has been used by such writers as Bishop Hall, Boyle, Bolingbroke, Hanway, Miall, and MacDonald.

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Law and Order

Verdict in *Morro Castle* Tragedy

Captain and Chief Engineer of Ill-Fated Liner Get Prison Terms; Appeals Planned; Line's Executive Vice-President Fined

Swept by billowing flames, a handsome ship ran through a stormy night with hundreds of helpless passengers, and rammed against the New Jersey shore, seventeen months ago.

Last week, the events of that wild night were distilled in the quiet of a New York court-room. Long ago the *Morro Castle* dead had been counted—134 of them—the cost in money computed, and the hulk of the luxury ship sold for scrap.

Slowly during the seventeen months the law had crept on its way until, now, three men, tense and drawn, faced a judge for sentence. All had been convicted of criminal negligence in the disaster.

Two of them had witnessed it, the tragedy of men and women dying in flames or leaping overboard to drown. The other had been far away, on shore, but the law's arm reached him, too.

This man, when he heard the sentence, relaxed; he was free. The two others remained tense; they got prison sentences.

William F. Warms, a small, slight man, acting Captain of the *Morro Castle*, was sentenced by Federal Judge Murray Hulbert to serve two years in a Federal penitentiary.

Eben S. Abbott, husky, broad-faced Chief Engineer, who left the ship in a life-boat, was sentenced to four years.

Henry E. Cabaud, gray-haired and well-groomed, Executive Vice-President of the New York and Cuba Mail Steamship Company, operators of the Ward liner, received a suspended sentence of one year, and was fined $5,000. The Line itself, also convicted of criminal negligence, was fined the maximum of $10,000.

Appeals Prepared

While Judge Hulbert denounced Abbott for deserting the ship, he praised Warms for sticking to it until ordered off. Both men prepared to appeal their cases.

"Thus, in this one instance, at least, something more than a Steamboat Inspection Service report, with recommendations that are filed away and forgotten, comes out of a sea disaster," says the Milwaukee *Journal*. "It is in the conviction of Henry E. Cabaud, Executive Vice-President of the Line, that most hope lies of a salutary effect on steamship conditions. He it is who was responsible for a ship run for profits only, without regard to safety. . . .

"The procession of witnesses at the trial told the story—mothers coming in to tell of the loss of children, children to tell of the loss of parents, widows to tell of husbands who jumped with them and were not picked up—a harrowing story of peril and death. And that story reached into the New York office of this man and convicted him, even tho at the time of the disaster he sat at a desk miles away from the scene.

"This is the first time that has happened, and here is the hopeful thing. For, if operating officials are henceforth to be held to criminal responsibility for the conditions they permit, if they can no longer make the captains the convenient 'goats,' then these same officials are going to have a care. Official inspection service reports have never reached them—reports are easily forgotten. But criminal convictions are different."

A majority of editors commend the *Morro Castle* verdicts. Some consider the sentences too mild; others are inclined to think them severe.

As the Philadelphia *Record* sees it, the sentences "are, in a sense, more shocking than the disaster itself." It adds:

"Over a year after this frightful tragedy, the company responsible for it, and the official directly in charge, receive a total punishment of $15,000 in fines.

"A couple of underpaid sailors take the rap. The deskman gets a suspended sentence. The big chief of the line isn't even brought into court."

British Practise

On the other hand, the New York *Journal of Commerce* says that so much of the comment on the *Morro Castle* disaster "has been tinged with emotionalism and sentimentality that the difficulty the jury must have encountered in acting solely on the facts of the case becomes doubly evident. . . .

"The *Morro Castle* trial shows once again the desirability of adopting a system similar to the British practise of having such cases tried by qualified admiralty courts, where competent experts, rather than a jury of laymen, easily swayed, determine the guilt of the accused parties."

To the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle* "the decision should be a vital factor in promoting safety on American seagoing vessels," and the Seattle *Journal of Commerce*, also commending the verdict, points out that "heroic skippers and gallant seamen have, in accordance with a grim code, been ever willing to sacrifice their lives to make 'safety at sea' for all on board other than an empty phrase. Decent respect for their valorous conduct permits of no other action than that taken as the result of the disgraceful *Morro Castle* affair."

"The shipping industry," says *The Pacific Shipper* (San Francisco), "offers no sympathy to executives or mariners who gamble with human lives."

Mother's Creed Costly

A rap at Communists and atheists, implying their unfitness to rear children, carried a New Jersey jurist into the head-lines last week and started an editorial debate.

The decision, it was said, sets a precedent, but this was denied by the man who made it. Some editorial observers saw in

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the decree the possibility of another celebrated legal battle.

The case, in which a mother was deprived of her two children, began when Mrs. Mabel Eaton, an attractive brunette of thirty-two, sued for divorce. Her husband, Warren Eaton, Sr., brought a countersuit. Each asked custody of their two children.

Robert Grosman of Newark, Advisory Master in Chancery, himself the father of three daughters, said in his decision that Mrs. Eaton had "permitted herself to become thoroughly imbued with Communistic, atheistic, and I.W.W. doctrines. . . But she is not privileged to instil into the minds of these young children, against the will of their father, these doctrines . . . which are looked upon with abhorrence by the vast majority of people living under the protection of our Lord."

The father, said Mr. Grosman, wished both children to be "religiously trained in his own faith [Methodist] and brought up as Americans."

A divorce decree was granted Mr. Eaton and he received custody of the children.

Press Critical

Most of the editorial comment on the case is sharply critical, but Mr. Grosman is not without his defenders.

The case "provides a precedent that might well cause Patrick Henry, to say nothing of Thomas Payne, to turn over in their graves," says the Atlantic City *Press* (Ind.), and the Asbury Park *Press* (Ind.-Dem.) says the ruling is "a new law in American liberty."

This is the view of the Newark *Ledger:*

"Advisory Master Grosman, having emphasized his antipathy to Mrs. Mabel Eaton's views on religion and social questions in deciding against her in a custody action in the Chancery Court, now says that his decision was not based solely on the mother's radical views. Nevertheless, the decision is a shocking one.

"Far from pleasing conservative men and women with deeply religious feelings, it should stir them to protest the arbitrariness of the court.

"The decision is a blow at personal liberty within the home. It encourages espionage in every home where there is the slightest difference of opinion between husband and wife."

Defending his decision in a statement to THE LITERARY DIGEST, Mr. Grosman said:

"I am not motivated in taking these children from their mother by her political beliefs nor her political philosophies. In them I am not the least concerned. But I am concerned with her moral beliefs. Those to my mind are contrary to the law of the land and the accepted principles of morality.

"When she attempts to transmit her radical beliefs into direct action by scoffing at belief in a Supreme Being and at the common standards of morality and virtue in the presence of her children, their moral and spiritual welfare require that they be removed from that mother's influence.

"My only concern was in the welfare of the children, which to my mind is best served by placing them in custody of their father, which, incidentally, is in conformity with the children's wishes."

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Inside the intestines Saráka* gradually e-x-p-a-n-d-s (see pictures above). It becomes BULK. Which is just what your intestinal muscles need to make them work for a living—a safe, natural way to encourage those muscles to exercise. That is why so many people who try Saráka say that it makes them feel as

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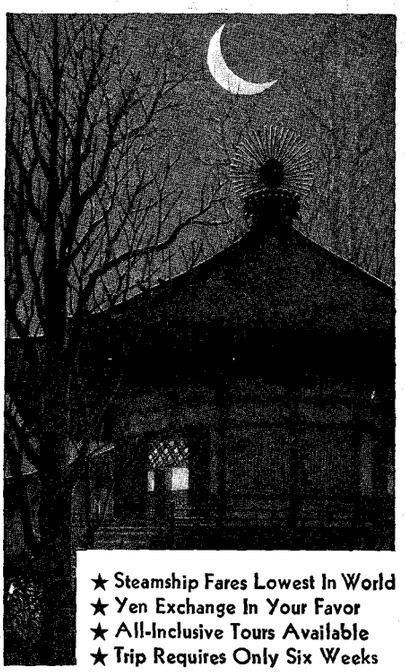

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Science and Medicine

Guide-Book of Medicines

"United States Pharmacopœia XI" Is Law of Land for Mixing of Drugs —Epoch-Making Book Under Revision Five Years

Back in 1817, in a young country just recovering from war and invasion, a scholarly, middle-aged New York physician, Dr. Lyman Spalding, looked into the drug stores of America and was startled by the lack of uniformity in the way they were compounding doctors' prescriptions.

It wasn't the druggists' fault. They had no standards to guide them. Every man mixed remedies according to his own notions, with more caprice than soda-clerks bring to the mixing of fancy drinks to-day.

Doctor Spalding submitted to the Medical Society of the County of New York a plan for publishing standard drug recipes. The result, the first "United States Pharmacopœia" (from Greek words meaning "I make medicine") appeared in 1820.

Last month the eleventh revision came rolling from the presses, and will be in force by June 1; an epoch-making book of 676 closely-packed pages, listing the names and accepted ways of compounding and storing 568 drugs and medicines.

A committee of fifty pharmacists, physicians, and other experts labored five years to produce the revision.

Law of the Land

Their work is now "the appointed law of the land in the matter of making medicines," declares Prof. Ivor Griffith, of the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy, in *The American Journal of Pharmacy*.

"Because of it—and for safety's sake—the toxic bichlorid tablet, now available in two sizes, must never be white and always angled like an antique coffin," continues Professor Griffith.

"Because of it, tincture of digitalis (foxglove to the garden lover), that far-famed heart supporter . . . will be in Baltimore identical in strength with that tinctured in Tennessee.

"Because of it, ergot, that marvelous but much maligned medicament of the painful birth-bed, is now more than ever guarded against guile and greed and against the strange decay to which it is so inherently disposed. . . .

"Because of it, cod-liver oil will be valued by its vitamins and not by its malodorous smell.

"Because of this authoritatively, exquisitely accurate book there is available a new national antiseptic, a mild tincture of iodin, kinder to the skin and more tender to tissue, yet nearly five times as strong in microbe murder as carbolic acid itself.

"And because of this unusual book, medicine will be made safe for democracy for another decennium to come."

The "Pharmacopœia" has been revised every decade since 1820 by a volunteer committee of experts chosen at a national convention. Heading the committee that began work in 1930 for the present revision was Dr. Ernest Fullerton Cook, Professor at the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy. It was the second revision over which the plump, dynamic Doctor Cook presided. The 1920 Pharmacopœia was also put together under his leadership.

The book is neither supervised nor paid for by the Government, but the standards it establishes are official, nevertheless. Under the National Food and Drugs Act of 1907, its terms are enforced by the Federal Government.

The *American Druggist* believes it the "only private enterprise in the United States whose edicts have the force of law."

By next June it is expected that 75 per cent. of United States drug stores will be equipped with the book.

Drug Trade News notes that the new Pharmacopœia prescribes "increased strengths for the official 'strong' acids, the provision of an ether for anesthesia and another grade denoted as solvent ether, a materially extended list of biological products, the adoption of synthetic camphor and menthol as official, a new official activated charcoal and many other changes."

Cabbage and Humor

Some subjects are inherently funny, and few editorial writers can resist making a joke of them. One is cabbage, as Prof. Clyde H. Myers, plant scientist of Cornell University, has found out to his chagrin.

Last year, after seasons of effort, Professor Myers succeeded in developing a strain of early Savoy cabbage that lacked the familiar boarding-house odor of ordinary cabbage.

Photo by Troy Studio

Growing odorless cabbages: young plants carefully pollenized by hand and tweezers

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Rightfully proud of this achievement, Cornell University announced it to the world.

Since then jokes about odorless cabbage have blossomed all over America, making staid Cornell professors squirm.

"Cornell University is said to have produced a smell-less cabbage of which it is proud," said the Chicago *Daily News*. "Its pride is justifiable. Perhaps it will now be encouraged to try for a smell-less onion."

Disconcerting Report

Said the Baltimore *Sun:* "From Cornell, far above Cayuga's waters, comes a disconcerting report . . . about cabbages that are said to have no smell. What will be the effect of such provender upon the nation? Will it result in deterioration of American youth?

"Will future Americans, accustomed to odorless cabbages, be able to stand up foursquare against Germans, Frenchmen, Englishmen, and Swedes who have stuck to stronger diet?

"Ambrose Bierce . . . defined cabbage as 'a familiar kitchen-garden vegetable about as large and wise as a man's head.' Let the scientists ponder that before they sow this country with the seed of a flabbiness and a delusion. Next thing you know, they'll start working on garlic."

Scentless Circle

To which the New Orleans *Times-Picayune* added: "Those persons who contend that college does not pay are cited to the achievement of Cornell. The Ithacan institution has produced what it believes is an odorless cabbage, and this paragon of vegetables so far has proved its worth that faculty members are able to serve it at dinners to other faculty members . . . whose upraised noses have been unable to detect that sulfurous exhalation that in other years identified the boarding-house dining-room. . . .

"The intelligentsia hold out hope that very soon the rest of the world will be able to share the blessing known only to Cornell. In time, we are led to believe, the broccoli, the Brussels sprout, the kale and the kohl-rabi will be admitted to the scentless circle drawn by science about the head of our lustiest and most pervading vegetables."

To Insure Survival

Last week, before leaving on a six-months' vacation from Cornell, during which he hopes to travel quietly around the country without hearing so much as a single joke about cabbages, Professor Myers took precautions to insure the survival of the odorless vegetable that has brought him so much unsought acclaim.

Heads are buried in a trench in the field, farmer-fashion. Another supply is in a well-built vegetable cellar. A third pile lies in storage in a greenhouse. Three disasters would be needed to wipe out the species.

Plans for Future

Even that wouldn't do it, for Professor Myers also has 15,000 seeds. By next year he expects to have multiplied these sufficiently to supply some of the thousands of

Fat Tuesday

Rex begins it, Comus ends it

When Southern Pacific's famed *S.S. Dixie* sails from New York for New Orleans on February 12, every passenger will have one thing in mind: the Mardi Gras.

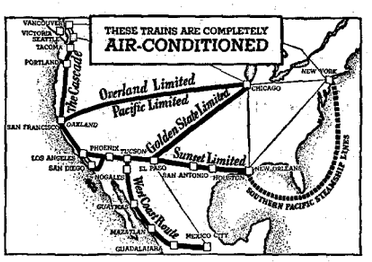
No ordinary civic celebration is the Creole City's 109-year-old carnival, but a hilarious farewell to earthly pleasures before the 40 days of Lenten fasting. It officially begins on the twelfth night after Christmas when the "Twelfth Night Revelers" stage a tableau and ball. Then for 50 days parades and balls come faster and faster until on February 25, Mardi Gras Day (French for "Fat Tuesday"), New Orleans' 500,000 people and 100,000 visitors literally go wild.

At 11 a.m. on Mardi Gras Day, the Society of Rex begins a parade that for magnificence of costumes and floats is probably unequalled anywhere in the world. At dusk the Krewe of Comus gives its grand concluding concert and ball, joins the Court of Rex at 11 p.m. for a festive finale. Then at midnight the chimes of the venerable St. Louis Cathedral, like the beating heart of old New Orleans, toll the beginning of Lent and the end of the Mardi Gras.

"West by south"

Digest readers planning a trip across the continent in February can easily include New Orleans and the Mardi Gras. To New Yorkers and New Englanders California-bound, Southern Pacific offers the opportunity of sailing to New Orleans on the *S.S. Dixie* (a delightful five-day voyage with berth and meals aboard ship included in the rail fare to California), thence west on the air-conditioned *Sunset Limited*, crossing the Mississippi on the new bridge which has replaced Southern Pacific's mammoth train ferries. For *Dixie* reservations, New Yorkers may call Murray Hill 2-8400.

Non-New Yorkers may also include the Mardi Gras in a trip to or from the Pacific Coast by using Southern Pacific's *Sunset Limited*.



Address inquiries to O. P. Bartlett, Passenger Traffic Manager, Southern Pacific, Dept. LD-21, 310 South Michigan Blvd., Chicago, or any other Southern Pacific office (New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Detroit, St. Louis, Minneapolis, and other principal cities).

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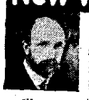

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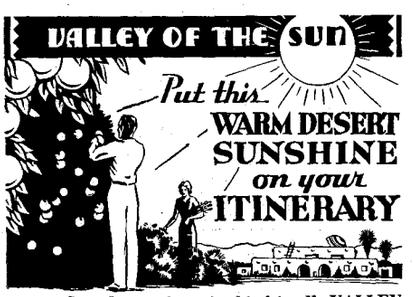

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ARIZONA

growers who have been importuning him for samples.

The scentless cabbage will not supplant the ordinary kind, he believes, for it doesn't keep well, but in season it will probably be a fine addition to America's table vegetables.

"Acid-Minded" Eaters

Not long ago the great American diet-worry was autointoxication. Now it is something vaguely referred to as "acidosis."

"Whatever our after-dinner dispositions," wrote Mary Pascoe Huddleson recently in *This Week*, "we are suspicious that innocent-seeming meals may turn out to be acid-forming and we're afraid we have 'too much acid in the system.'

"Physicians say that patients give this as one of the most common reasons to explain their illnesses. Food faddists have eagerly and successfully played with this idea in order to draw more converts to their banners."

One such "self-appointed, dietary Moses," says Miss Huddleson, "successfully promotes correspondence courses on diet delusions, at a remunerative $50 per deluded.

"He nurtures the interesting doctrine that acidosis is brought about by the improper combinations of foods. . . . What the connection is, on a scientific basis, neither he nor any one else has ever been able to explain; but mouthpieces for the cult continue to seduce the gullible. . . .

"Thus a diet-loving public has become acid-minded, if not acid(i)otic. . . . The morning-after headache, muscle and other aches, acid mouths, sour stomachs, and sour dispositions have been laid at the door of that bugaboo. . . . If one is to believe the food faddist, what acidosis will do for you in a quiet way almost passes belief."

But Miss Huddleson, who is editor of the *Journal of the American Dietetic Association*, doesn't believe the food faddists.

"Man is an omnivorous animal," she finds. "He subsists equally well on the high protein diet of the arctic, the high carbohydrate regimen of the tropics, and the most extraordinary food combinations of the temperate zones."

Living 100 Years

Living for a century is no longer as uncommon as one might imagine. The average length of life is steadily getting longer. Women are more likely to reach a ripe old age than men.

So reports the current *Illinois Health Messenger*, drawing conclusions from a study of mortality statistics in that State. One in each 2,000 persons who die in Illinois has reached the age of 100 or more.

"To live for eighty years is now almost ordinary. More than one in each ten people who die have survived their eightieth birthday.

"Living for at least eighty years grows constantly more frequent. Thus in 1910 only 6.9 per cent. of all deaths in Illinois were among people who had lived for more than eighty years, while in 1934 the proportion was 10.8 per cent. . . ."

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Labor

Lewis Bloc Defiant in A. F. of L. Feud

Council Controlled by Green Orders Vertical Union Moves Halted; Effect of Clash on Industry Debated

Labor's "family quarrel" flared into open feud last week.

Meeting in Miami recently, the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor ordered John L. Lewis to dissolve his Committee for Industrial Organization.

His miners, largest and most powerful single unit in the Federation, are organized in an industrial union which consolidates all workers in the industry. They argue that only in this "vertical" way can labor in mass-production industries—steel, textiles, automobiles, radios—be organized.

Craft unionists, in opposition, want "horizontal" units, with workers banded together according to crafts.

Combative Orders

Last week, in quick succession, the Executive Council issued orders calculated to check the industrial unionists:

It refused the petition of radio workers for an industrial charter. Instead, it gave jurisdiction over them to the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, a craft union.

It ordered the Auto Workers' Union—likewise petitioning for an industrial charter—to limit its membership to "production workers." Others, such as mechanics, machinists, and specialized workers, must join craft unions.

Still a third step toward curbing industrial unionism was the action of the International Seamen's Union in revoking the charter of the Sailors' Union of the Pacific. The Pacific seamen are affiliated with the Maritime Federation of the Pacific, a vertical body comprising longshoremen, seamen, and other water-front workers.

The acts, "coming on the heels of the Council's warning to Lewis, indicate," in the opinion of the Baltimore *Sun*, "that the craft unionists, who control the A. F. of L., mean to carry their fight against the industrial unionists to the last ditch."

Indeed, continues the *Sun*, the "Council's action against the radio workers would seem tantamount to a declaration of war," since it "leaves the industrial unionists in a position where they will either have to knuckle down to the craft unionists or else withdraw and organize a rival Federation."

The danger of such a split likewise troubled the Springfield (Mass.) *Union*, which feared that, "whatever the outcome of the strife between craft and industrial unions for supremacy, the battle may be demoralizing and costly in some lines of industry."

Meanwhile, 1,500 delegate miners to the United Mine Workers' annual convention in Washington, are determined to support Mr. Lewis, their eloquent chief.

They are equally determined to seek an explanation of William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor, who opposes Mr. Lewis in this fight. Calm and careful, where Mr. Lewis is inclined to be aggressive, Mr. Green was likewise a miner and also has headed the Mine Workers.

Feud Analyzed

To the Brooklyn *Times-Union* the feud between these two leaders of labor simmers down to this:

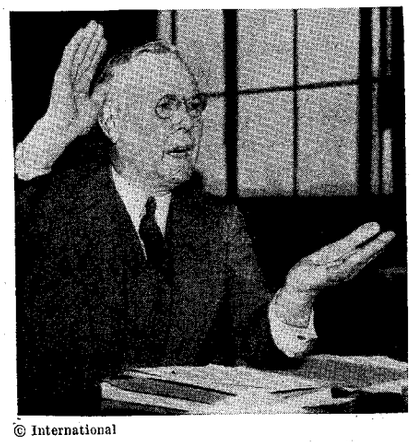
"The A. F. of L. is by no means inhospitable to the idea of industrial unionism as such. The big problem before the Executive Council was rather the resignation of Lewis, and his activities as head of his 'bloc.'

"That Lewis is a man of great personal ambition, eager to be President of the A. F. of L., is no secret. Indeed, he waged a strong fight in 1921 to defeat Mr. Gompers, and polled one-third of the vote."

The Detroit *News*, however, feels that "no neutral observer can escape the conclusion that Lewis's side monopolizes the real statesmanship."

"Except for the building trades," the *News* believes, "the old craft unions are as outmoded as the handicrafts on which they were founded."

"The real test of strength," predicts the Newark *Evening News*, "will be deferred until the annual convention of the Federation next October."



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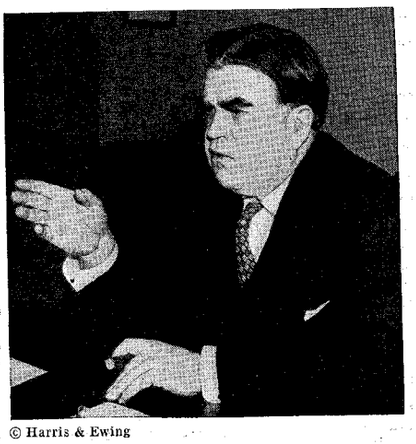

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"Open feud": William Green, who favors the theory of craft unions, but wants a flexible policy, and John L. Lewis (right), *who calls for immediate action*

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British Heir Knows the Answers

When Knotty Problems Arise, Royal Family Sends for Duke of York; Bachelor King's Accession Puts Him in Line for Throne

Keystone

Heir-Presumptive: The Duke of York, with his wife and daughter, Princess Elizabeth

Crises of misinformation arise even in royal families. Whenever a knotty problem arose to plague Queen Mary or the late King George V, they sent for "Bertie," the Duke of York. "Bertie" knew the answers.

Serious-looking, serious-minded, a tall, thin, young man, H.R.H. Prince Albert Frederick Arthur George stoked himself with privately acquired knowledge. He was, still is, the royal family's always available encyclopedia. He knows all there is to know about the Empire.

The Duke of York now is Heir-Presumptive to the Throne occupied by his bachelor brother Edward VIII. The chances are that if he does not live to the accession his eldest daughter, Princess Elizabeth of York, will succeed King Edward. If she does, the chances also are that she will do so with her father's fund of knowledge neatly stacked in her brain.

He was born at York Cottage, on the royal estate at Sandringham, on December 14, 1895, the second son of the then Duke and Duchess of York.

Sailor and Airman

He was educated by private tutors, went on to Osborne and Dartmouth naval schools. During the War, at twenty, he was a midshipman aboard H.M.S. *Collingwood*, which took part in the Battle of Jutland. A recurrent illness made it necessary for him to leave the Navy. He joined the Royal Flying Corps and went to France.

Like many another person, the Duke of York combines hatred of making speeches with a tireless taste for study. He has the talent to grasp technicalities swiftly and allot them their just place in a whole plan.

In this, he resembles Queen Mary. His outlook on life is a close match to hers. This profound seriousness, harnessed to painful shyness, occasionally has brought him the accusation of being starchy and "high-hat."

When the then Prince of Wales set out on the travels which took him to all corners of the world, the Duke of York was left stranded in a distasteful position. The duty of opening hospitals, unveiling statues, and laying corner-stones fell to him. He became "stand-in" for his absent brother. The ordeal of speaking before crowds at each of these ceremonies distressed him. But he did it.

His dignity and his appetite for knowing the Empire he some day may rule have made him popular with aristocrats and commoners alike. The welfare of the working classes concerns him deeply.

Radio, boxing, tennis, and detective fiction come first among his hobbies, crossword-puzzles, and motion-pictures second.

"Probably Conan Doyle has no more fervent admirer," a writer once said of him in *The News Chronicle* (London). "He enjoys, too, a good book on outdoor sport and hunting, and is quite happy when he can obtain a well-written survey of shooting areas which he knows personally."

Fond of Shooting

His fondness for shooting provided a curious anticlimax to his brilliant wedding to Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, youngest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Strathmore and Kinghorne. They were married in Westminster Abbey, with much pomp and splendor, on April 26, 1923. At the height of the social functions following the wedding, they departed for Kenya Colony, East Africa, where they hunted big game.

On their return, the vivacious, smiling young Duchess and her husband assumed their share in the tasks of royalty. The Duke of York, in 1924, was President of the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley. The Duchess immersed herself in philanthropic enterprises.

They have two daughters, Princess Elizabeth, born on April 21, 1926, and Princess Margaret Rose, born on August 21, 1930. Both are in line of succession to the throne.

Their town residence was at 145 Piccadilly, in London.

"Men of most diverse interests find themselves guests there," wrote the Hon. Mrs. Francis Lascelles, in her book, "Our Duke and Duchess," "and are deliberately encouraged to talk 'shop.'

"Experiences are exchanged and opinions intelligently sought. The Duke takes his responsibilities very seriously, and he and his young wife both agree on the details of their home and of their social life. . . ."

For all the Duke's active dismay at the prospect of standing before a crowd awaiting his words, he was the first member of the royal family to enter a trade-union headquarters.

Fighter for the Veterans

Brig. Gen. Frank T. Hines, Director of the United States Veterans' Bureau, holds down a job which President Roosevelt once called "the hardest task in the country next to the Presidency."

Appointed by President Harding, March 1, 1923, he has been administrator of probably the largest governmental agency during four Presidential régimes.

He is an organizer, a fighter and a man's man, said to have a whole shoe-box full of decorations.

Of medium height, he is slim, and dark complexioned. His button eyes in a strong intellectual face are warm brown in color; his thinning hair is gray. He is unassuming, patient, conscientious, tolerant, ready to listen to any one.

Born April 11, 1879, at Salt Lake City, Utah, educated at public schools, he was ambitious for a college degree. To this end he took any odd job that came along. For a while he was a "water corporal" for a gang of miners.

When he was only eighteen, during his second year at Utah Agricultural College, the Spanish war broke out. Young Hines joined up, became a sergeant, served in twenty-four engagements, rose.

The war over, he completed his studies, followed an army career.

He has a passion for first-hand information and makes frequent visits to Veterans' hospitals, where he always pulls the fire-alarm so that he can inspect emergency conditions.

He did this once in Memphis, Tennessee. The hospital alarm was hooked up with the City Fire Department. Result: The Government was fined $50 for turning in a false alarm.

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Sport and Sportsmen

Baseball Precedent

National League Umpire Joins Ranks of Hold-Outs for First Time

Even to baseball fans biting finger-nails, barely tolerant of such interregnum sports as hockey and basketball, no duller dish is offered up by the sports-writers than the annual hold-out stories.

Because professional baseball-players almost invariably play for their employers whether their salary demands are met or not, last week's announcement that the 1936 crop of hold-outs included Dizzy Dean, of the St. Louis Cardinals, Arky Vaughan of the Pittsburgh Pirates, Clydell Castelman of the New York Giants and Van Lingle Mungo of the Brooklyn Dodgers drew little more than yawns.

One hold-out, whose demands did not evoke a yawn last week, was Albert ("Dolly") Stark, National League umpire. Baseball-writers called Stark's request for considerably more than the $9,000 he is getting "unprecedented in the history of major-league baseball." He was the first hold-out among the umpires.

"Tough, Thankless Job"

To reporters, Stark, who coaches Dartmouth's basketball team during the winter, chirped: "If I can't get more, I'm ready to try something else, but most of all I would like to remain in baseball. There are no limits of salaries in baseball.

"Only an umpire is expected to stick at a fixed wage, and I consider it unfair. . . . It is a tough, thankless job."

Neither soothing nor sympathetic was the comment of Davis J. Walsh, International News Service Sports-Editor, who wrote in his syndicated column: "Mr. Stark, who wasn't asked to become an umpire in the first place and of course need not stay if it makes him brood, was voted the most valuable of the National League staff and also an automobile from his friends.

Qualms and Symptoms

"All of this seems to have complicated life a little for Umpire Stark, adding qualms and symptoms to an otherwise well-ordered existence. I don't think he understands, for instance, that in the amusement business they're all playing with gate or sucker-money and the fellow with the sucker-appeal gets the chips. Anyhow, not even a man's relatives will go out to watch him umpire."

The average salary for National League umpires is $7,800 a year. Their railroad fares and hotel expenses are paid by the League in addition to an allowance for taxicabs. They work only five and a half months a year and are eligible for a retirement pension of $1,500 annually after fifteen years' service, and $2,000 after twenty years.

"There are a number of jobs in baseball I could fill," Stark said. "You hear time and time again they want new ideas in baseball . . . but who ever thinks of asking an umpire for an idea?"

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Sport Shots

Record: Alpha T established a record at Alamo Downs, Texas, last week, when he went to the post without a single backer. Turf experts could find no evidence that any other horse had failed to inspire the sale of a straight ticket. Had Alpha T won, there would have been no straight money pay-off. Alpha T finished last in a field of eleven.

* * *

Spirit: For three years Metro Karaffa of Toronto, Ohio, turned out faithfully for football practise at Colorado State. He practised often, but played rarely. Last week the Athletic Council recommended a football sweater for his "spirit."

* * *

Vindicated: Last fall Gov. Martin L. Davey of Ohio took the football world by its ears when he insinuated that fifteen Ohio State football players were on the State pay-roll because of their athletic prowess. Later he admitted his talk was a "joke."

Last week two separate reports were filed by the Western Conference, absolving the players from all insinuations and charges.

* * *

Promotion: Joe Louis items sparkled last week in a manner calculated to please the promoters of the Negro's next two important fights: those with Max Schmeling and James J. Braddock.

(1) Ernie Dusek, toughest of the seven wrestling Dusek brothers: "Let me fight Joe Louis. These prize-fighters are all scared to death, so let a wrassler have a chance. I don't think he is so hot. If he thinks he can scare me, or knock me out with a punch, he's crazy. Us wrasslers don't lay down for nobody. I'll give Louis a real fight with gloves."

(2) James J. Tunney in the current *Sports Illustrated and American Golfer:* "If Joe Louis shows the improvement between twenty-one and twenty-five that he has shown between nineteen and twenty-one, I do not believe the world has a fighter that can stand up before him. Braddock's chances against him are very slim. Louis will make short work of him."

(3) James J. Braddock: "Let 'em whoop and yell for Louis. The more they yell, the more they'll pay to see us fight and the easier he'll think I'm going to be. And the easier he thinks I'm going to be, the easier he'll be. Anybody could look good against those fellows he's been licking."

* * *

Decision: For weeks the polo world has been waiting for Tommy Hitchcock's answer to the United States Polo Association's invitation to join the squad that will invade England for the Westchester Cup this summer. Last week, the world's indisputable number one player said "no." Pressure of business will keep him from playing in the international matches for the first time in fifteen years.

Eric Pedley of California was invited to replace the only player in the world handicapped at ten goals. Last week Pedley was undecided about accepting

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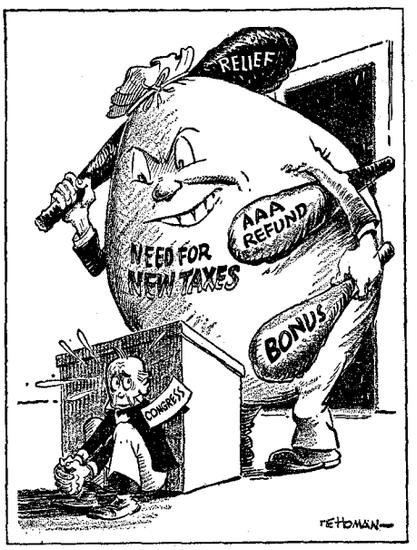
Finance and Industry

Bonus Financing Vexes Congress

Roosevelt Asks $2,249,000,000 for Veterans; Needs $500,000,000 for Farmers; An "Unwilling" Hunt for Levies Is Started

President Roosevelt told Congress, in his annual budget measure last month, that additional taxes should be levied if additional expenditures were authorized beyond those set forth in the budget.

The Supreme Court promptly invalidated the processing taxes on farm products, and the House of Representatives and the Senate quickly passed the bonus bill over the President's veto.



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A Gentleman to See You, Sir!

—*Homan in the Providence* News-Tribune

Last week Mr. Roosevelt notified Congress that the bonus payment cost would total $2,249,000,000. Then he called in his tax advisers, Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau, Secretary of Agriculture Wallace, Attorney General Cummings, and Daniel W. Bell, Acting Budget Director.

Next day the President projected at his press conference a tax program to bring in $500,000,000 for early enactment.

He wanted it understood that these revenues, probably necessary to meet the farm program, would be substitutes for the invalidated processing taxes rather than additional levies. He said, in addition, that bonus needs probably would have to be decided now. He did not suggest the form of the proposed taxation.

In New York City, *The Journal of Commerce* backed the President.

"Having voted the bonus payment, it was the manifest duty of Congress to provide new sources of revenue to meet the payment," the paper asserted.

"Since the national legislature failed to do so, it is now up to President Roosevelt to urge the enactment of new taxes, not only to finance benefit payments to farmers that are no longer offset by processing taxes, but also to provide at least a large part of the sum required to pay off the veterans' compensation certificates.

"It is unfortunate that a number of members of both houses of Congress have seen fit to express in advance their disapproval of new taxes. It is disconcerting to note conservatives of both parties joining with the radicals in voicing an unwillingness to undertake this necessary task.

"It indicates that the tendency to avoid looking at financial facts has become habitual with the national legislature."

"I think the [bonus] appropriation should be asked next session," Representative Bertrand H. Snell, the House Republican Leader, said, "after the Treasury finds out what its deficiency is."

Speaker Joseph W. Byrns frankly objected to new taxes at this time.

"If we need taxes ultimately we will have to have them," he said. "But I see no emergency."

Others sought ways to circumvent the necessity. Representative Edward A. Kenney of New Jersey pushed his Federal Lottery Bill, estimated to produce $1,000,000,000 annually for the Government.

Appeal by Patman

"I am opposed to any new taxes," declared Representative Wright Patman, currency expansion advocate, "and will urge issuance of money against the idle gold. The fight will be a battle royal. I don't believe the House or the Senate would pass a bill to raise new taxes this session. While there are huge stocks of gold and silver in the Treasury it shouldn't be necessary to resort to taxes."

The Mobile *Press Register* (Ind.-Dem.) decided that "the choice confronting Congress and the Administration would seem to lie between levying new taxes, imposing titanic economies, and further devaluing the dollar."

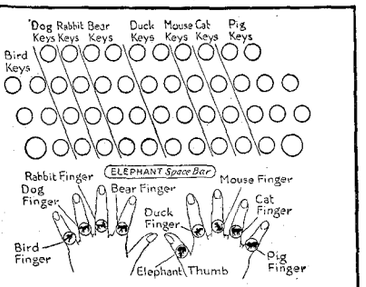
While the Rochester (N. Y.) *Democrat & Chronicle* (Rep.) pointed out that "prompt and drastic reduction of federal expenditures is the only way out of an increasingly intolerable situation," the Manchester (N. H.) *Union* (Ind.-Rep.) noted that "the prospect of new taxes during the present session of Congress grows daily more certain."

In its monthly bulletin, the Guaranty Trust Company of New York warned:

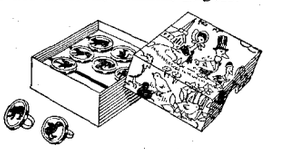
"Even under the most favorable suppositions, it is impossible to escape the conclusion that business faces the prospect of a heavier tax burden than it has ever experienced over a sustained period and that this burden may prove heavy enough to impair the ability of industry to function efficiently."

"In this world," Benjamin Franklin wrote his friend, M. Leroy, in 1789, "nothing is sure but death and taxes."

THIS is the IDEA of the ANIMAL KEYBOARD



THIS IS THE ANIMAL KEYBOARD. Keys bear the usual letters. Also animal pictures. These divide keys into groups corresponding to the different "animal fingers."



THESE ARE THE FINGER RINGS. Which, when slipped on fingers, identify each finger with its own group of animal keys.

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Governors for Nation's Banks

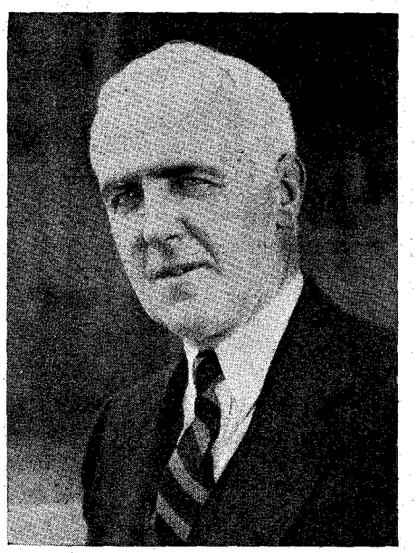
President Names Board Clothed With Power to Temper Speculation or Stimulate Credit; Glass Approves Choices, Press is Divided

The country's so-called "supreme court of banking" took office last Saturday. President Roosevelt, under provisions of the 1935 banking act, replaced the old Federal Reserve Board with the Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve System.

Earlier in the week the President nominated six of the seven members. The Senate confirmed them in two minutes.

From the old Board, Mr. Roosevelt reappointed Marriner S. Eccles, former Western banker, and Miecislaus S. Szymczak, Polish leader of Chicago, once City Comptroller.

Acme



Acme

Ralph W. Morrison and Joseph A. Broderick, new appointees to the Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve System

The President jettisoned Adolph C. Miller and Charles S. Hamlin, Board members of long standing; J. J. Thomas, one of his Nebraska campaigners, and George R. James, Tennessee business man.

To replace them, he called Joseph A. Broderick, former New York State Superintendent of Banks; Roland Ranson, Atlanta banker; John H. McKee, Chief Bank Examiner of the RFC, and Ralph W. Morrison, husky Texas rancher and contributor to the Democratic campaign chest.

Theoretically, the Board controls the country's banking and credit mechanisms. With power over such things as open market operations, banking reserve requirements, and rediscount rates, it can temper a speculative fever in the nation's business, or inject a stimulus to overcome sluggishness. In its operations, it sometimes must choose between public welfare and government expediency.

"It is vitally important to the welfare of the United States that the Board shall be independent of politics," declares *The Christian Science Monitor* (Ind.). "The Government's interest in the Board does not necessarily coincide with the interest of the people. Of main concern to the Treasury is the necessity that money rates shall be kept low."

But *The American Banker*, only daily banking newspaper, tossed its hands in the air. The appointees, it said, "constitute an honest, well-intentioned, and sincere group of men. Whether their honesty, sincerity, and good intentionings can triumph over the colossal monetary mismanagement and economic misconceptions that dominate Congress and the American people is doubtful.

"From a never satiated, easy-money, popularity-crazy Congress of Senators and Representatives, may heaven protect them."

The Richmond *Times-Dispatch* (Ind.-Dem.) noted that Senator Carter Glass, "acknowledged to be the leading financial expert connected with the Federal Government," approved the President's selections.

"It is significant, too," the paper summed up, "that the new Board has the blessing of Eugene Meyer, now publisher of the Washington *Post* and at one time the conservative Governor of the Federal Reserve Board.

"The sourest note—and it might have been expected," *The Times-Dispatch* continued, "comes from the New York *Herald Tribune*, mouthpiece of the stand-pat Republicans."

Aptitude Questioned

The Times-Dispatch then quotes the New York paper as saying that not one of the appointees brings to his post "any conspicuous achievements in, or familiarity with, central banking practice."

The Herald Tribune editorial adds that the President "was bent on obtaining and seemingly has obtained, a Board which is likely to be pretty completely dominated by its brilliant, but to our mind thoroughly unsafe, Chairman, Mr. Eccles.

"One more vital arm of the Federal Government is thus turned over to a reckless theorist."

Caravan of Progress

New Scientific Triumphs in Industry Sent on Tour by Motor

Automobile manufacturers once stormed at paint experts because it took an average of thirty days for the finish to dry on a shiny new car. Charles F. Kettering, tall, lean, skeptical Vice-President in charge of research, called in the scientists to his General Motors office, and shocked them by demanding a paint that would dry in an hour.

"Impossible, ridiculous," they cried. But Mr. Kettering journeyed to New York, and found a pin-tray finished with a brilliant new lacquer that "dried too fast." After two years of experimenting he blended it with the old slow-drying paint to produce the modern product, which dries in less than an hour.

This experience helped to form Mr. Kettering's scientific philosophy: Nothing is impossible; inert minds, not hard problems, hold back progress.

Unemployment, he told New York bankers in an address last week, has not been caused by science doing too much, but too little. Technologists spend too much time on old industries, instead of developing new ones.

True Paradox

"It smells like a paradox," observed *The Wall Street Journal*, "yet it is true. We need go no farther back than fifteen years for proof.

"When we came out of the War in 1919 and liquidated the immediate credit troubles, we had two new industries in . . . active development. One was motors; the other was electric power. . . . The problem is now to devise new channels."

A glittering red and silver motor procession set out last week from Detroit to show America General Motors' answer to this problem of progress.

To cheer the caravan on its way, President Alfred P. Sloan announced that the company had earned $167,226,000 in 1935, or $3.69 a share on its common stock, a record since 1929.

The Old *vs.* the New

Eight huge stream-lined trucks eleven and a half feet high form the nucleus of the parade. Inside, displays contrast the old with the new in American life—a kitchen with an old wood range, another completely electrical in gleaming enamel; an old-fashioned blacksmith shop, and the wonders of a modern laboratory.

Touch a button and working models of a street of the 'nineties and a boulevard of the future whir into action.

The caravan will first show at Miami, Florida. The trucks, in a semicircle, will be linked to one another. Inside a tent seating 500, with a silvered top to repel the sun's rays, visitors will view talking-pictures.

"The Parade of Progress . . . tells a tale of human welfare and happiness," comments the Flint (Mich.) *Journal*.

"The caravan—two miles long—will be

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"No more vivid account of life in South Africa has ever been written."—*London Times.*

Colorful
"A most colorful autobiography, written with quiet charm and dignity."—*Baltimore News and Post.*

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seen by millions of persons. Its purpose is chiefly to stimulate confidence in the future of the nation by illustrating the combination of science and industry."

No matter how fast his fellow scientists create, Mr. Kettering will probably be impatient. He has already predicted 200 miles to a gallon of gasoline.

Born a poor farm boy, he had sound schooling. His real business rise started when he convinced Cadillac officials by an actual demonstration that the self-starter he had invented would work.

They never knew that as soon as they left, the new gadget refused for a time to perform.

Then Mr. Kettering drove the car into a ditch and suffered a broken leg. With the leg in a cast he built another self-starter. This ended the back-breaking spinning of cranks for the average motorist.

Business Notes

What usually happens to stock prices in February? Basing its analysis on Dow Jones averages, Paine, Webber & Co. found that "in twenty-three out of past thirty-nine years," the year's shortest month brought declines in both rails and industrials. The brokerage and investment banking house discovered also that political caterwauling accentuates this downward trend.

"It is rather curious that in election years February markets show a stronger tendency toward reactionary price trends in stocks than other years," the firm observed in its latest monthly bulletin. "Thus, in the past thirty-nine years at least, rails have never gained as much as 1 per cent. during second month of an election year; declines, on other hand, have run to 6.2 per cent. (1908). Moreover, industrials have lost ground during February in six out of past nine Presidential years; in only one case was the gain appreciable (6.9 per cent. in 1932), whereas other two instances showed gains averaging only 1 per cent. (1912 and 1916)."

* * *

"If to-day," wrote Heinrich E. Jacob in his book, "Coffee, the Epic of a Commodity," "the City of New York, with its skyscrapers and its indefatigable swarms of human beings, differs so greatly in aspect from Rome in the year 1300, there are, no doubt, many reasons for the contrast; but one of the most important is this, that since the discovery of coffee the human working day has, theoretically, been expanded from twelve hours to twenty-four."

In line with this development, the New York Coffee and Sugar Exchange estimated last week that habitual coffee drinkers of the United States consumed, on the average, 60.5 more cups of coffee each during 1935 than during the previous year. Daily consumption amounted to 3.03 cups a person during 1935, compared with 2.86 cups in 1934. Total consumption last year, converting deliveries of green coffee into cups, reached 56,900,223,000, the highest on record.

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D-26

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The Open Forum

CCC

Sir:—In regard to the article "A General Tests the CCC Boy" in your edition of January 25, how about those of us who can not be classed under any of the types mentioned in that article?

We have, as a class, been in the CCC for a period of from one to two years, and we resent the implication that all CCC boys are of that character attributed to us by Brig. Gen. H. L. Laubach, retired, whom you quote.

We have in a sense taken it up as a vocation, and tho we do not get large salaries, we are proud of the fact that we are members of this organization, and doing our part to make it more of a success than it already is.

As for a grudge against the Government, we are proud of our Government, and fully appreciate what it has done for all of us.

Headquarters Company 2819 CCC.
Watonga, Oklahoma.

Sir:—Reference is made to the article "A General Tests the CCC Boy" in the January 25 issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST, and General Laubach's remarks.

I joined the CCC in 1933 at Ottawa, Illinois, in the Sixth Corps Area, transferred to the Ninth Corps and am now in the Fourth Corps, so I believe that I can speak for at least three Corps Areas. Our company conditioned at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, and this conditioning was mostly working on projects that the Army had dreamed of, but had never found time to complete, in a temperature that consistently ran over 100 degrees.

We were later transferred to Oregon and in the latter part of our stay there were engaged in fighting the Tilamook fire. We were six weeks on duty without relief and before we left we had to break the ice on the water every morning before washing.

Let General Laubach spend two months on a fire-line, sleep on the ground, work from sixteen to twenty hours, walk six to thirty miles a day every day and if he isn't ready to go back to his easy chair in the office and take back, "He lacks sturdy legs and good muscular development generally," then I shall retract my complaint on behalf of the men in those eight other Corps Areas. DANIEL RISS.
Fort Benning, Georgia.

Pro-Landon

Sir:—Governor Alf M. Landon is fortunate, and the Republican Party still more fortunate, in having him as an available candidate for the Republican nomination for President.

Governor Landon's nomination by the Republican Convention will insure the election of a Republican President in November, 1936.
Atlanta. WILLIAM ROYER.

Special to *The Digest*

Sir:—I have maked a cartoon for you to publish in THE LITERARY DIGEST. Please do it.
MASTER ALBERT BARBOLT.
Stillwater, New York.

Done!

"Them Days Are Gone For-Ever."
1936 is here!
1935 is kicked off!

Modern Art

Sir:—The samples of American Art in your January 25 issue have a strange fascination for me. I realize that there are many among your readers who will insist that the works of art shown—especially the two at the top of the page—are not true to life, but that is because they belong to the vulgar mob and are too ignorant to understand and appreciate modern art.

What the ignorant, uncultured masses, including such bums as Michelangelo, Raphael, Millet, and Whistler, have never learned is that art should never look like anything human. It should merely suggest something.

To me, most recent samples suggest that what this country needs is bigger and better patronized insane asylums. WILBUR J. DOWD.
Madison, Connecticut.

Finger on Pulse

Sir:—I really can not dispense with THE DIGEST. It is the one magazine that seems to keep a finger on the nation's pulse.
HARRIET BURTON GOULD.
Wilmington, Illinois.

Can Not Be Beaten

Sir:—This Scotchman is spending one cent (.01) to tell you . . . thanks for our old-time DIGEST. It simply can not be beaten. Your return to just common sense is truly appreciated.
MACLEAN WILSON.
National City, California.

Ribbon of Empire

Sir:—Re "Ribbon of Empire" in a recent issue:

The U. S. Monumental Highway Society proposes the construction of a six-lane superhighway, with arteries to forty-six States, a concrete subway in center large enough to carry conduits, and pipe-lines for all utilities, a tunnel for pneumatic impelled carriers for mail transportation across the continent, ramps for cross-roads, and a high speed monorail system for passenger transportation.

SABASTIAN W. KNOBLOCH.
U. S. Monumental Highway Society Ltd.
Los Angeles.

Cartoon

Sir:—In the excellent cartoon, "The Samson of the East," in THE DIGEST of January 18, I notice that Delilah, in preparing to cut Samson's hair, holds her shears so that the broad point comes where the narrow point should be; probably due to nervousness, from fear that Samson may wake up. LUTHER N. SMITH.
Hancock, New Hampshire.

Beg Pardon

Sir:—In your January 25 issue you state: "Doctor Carrel was the first scientist in America to receive the Nobel Prize."

A. A. Michelson, 1907.
Alexis Carrel, 1912.

J. S. STEVENS.
Orono, Maine.

Scotching "Scotch"

Sir:—In your review of the film "The Ghost Goes West" [January 18 issue] you refer to "two Scotch clans." May I invite you to overhaul your ideas on this much-abused proper adjective? Whatever argument may be raised for the word "Scotch" on the poor plea of common misusage there is no excuse whatever for your applying it to a clan or to anything Scottish in an important national or historical sense.

There never was a "Scotch" king or queen or parliament or army or church or literature or poetry or institution or art. It is true that Victoria's Government in 1872 used the detestable adjective in the first Scottish Education Act. Her ministers used both adjectives. But the preamble to the Education Act of 1918 made amends for the slip and officially outlawed "Scotch." It is not now in good social standing north of the Tweed excepting as a determinant of whisky. JOHN MURRAY.
Newark, New Jersey.

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So Early in the Morning
***—Hutton in the Philadelphia* Inquirer**

Critic Criticized

Sir:—H. K. Morris, who, in the January 25 issue, called attention to the error in Cleveland's rank in population, had a mistake in his own ranking.

Pittsburgh had a population of 669,817 (1930). Thus it should be ranked ahead of San Francisco. W. C. TEPE.
Pittsburgh.

Sir:—H. K. Morris calls you to task for ranking Cleveland as fifth city in population. He makes a similar error in placing San Francisco in tenth place, where Pittsburgh belongs.
JAMES K. POLLOCK.
University, Virginia.

["Abstract of the Fifteenth Census of the United States, (1930)," published by the U. S. Department of Commerce, lists Pittsburgh in tenth place with a population of 669,817; San Francisco in eleventh place, population 634,394. —*Editor.*]

Mail Guards' Guns

Sir:—I note with interest the picture by Stefan Hirsch, "The Mail Dispatcher," in your issue of January 25.

Is it possible that the present mail-clerks carry their gun in the position set forth in this picture? [On the right hip with butt pointing forward.]

If such is the case, it is a wonder that there are not more mail hold-ups than there are.
WEBB D. MARTIN.
Yuma, Colorado.

[The picture shows a Colt .45 revolver and right hand butt-to-the-front holster formerly used in the United States Army on the theory it could be drawn speedily with one swift turning motion of the right wrist.

Discarded by the Army, the butt-to-the-front holsters were bequeathed to the Post Office Department, we are informed by an official of the General Post Office, New York.—*Editor.*]

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Current Events

(Seven Days of History)

January 25.—Former Gov. Alfred E. Smith of New York, speaking before 2,000 diners at first annual dinner of American Liberty League in Washington, attacks New Deal.

Six Army men killed as two bombing planes collide over Luke Field, Honolulu, Hawaii, during night formation flights; two others escape by parachutes but can not explain collision.

Texas Centennial three-cent stamp to be placed on sale March 2 at Gonzales, Texas, and thereafter at all post-offices; bears pictures of Sam Houston, Stephen F. Austin, and the Alamo.

January 26.—National Council of Jewish Federations and Welfare Funds, meeting in St. Louis, votes indorsement of plan of Sir Herbert Samuel and Felix M. Warburg to finance emigration of Jews from Germany.

Dr. Hugh S. Cumming, Surgeon General of United States Public Health Service for sixteen years, will retire on February 7.

January 27.—Veterans' "Baby Bond" Bonus Bill becomes law as Senate votes 76-19 to override veto; every member of Senate votes.

Three corporations and four individuals indicted by Federal Grand Jury in New York for violation of Neutrality Resolution; charged with running guns to Bolivia during its war with Paraguay over Gran Chaco.

City Council orders Street Department in Lava Hot Springs, Idaho, to tap main leading from natural hot-water spring to melt ice and snow-drifts menacing traffic.

January 28.—William F. Warms, Acting Captain, and Eben S. Abbott, Chief Engineer of Ward liner *Morro Castle*, sentenced to two and four years, respectively, in a Federal penitentiary; Henry E. Cabaud, Vice-President of New York & Cuba Mail Steamship Company, operator of vessel, gets suspended sentence of one year and fine of $5,000; maximum penalty of $10,000 fine levied on company; all convicted in U. S. District Court in New York of criminal negligence in loss of 134 lives when liner burned.

Senator William E. Borah of Idaho opens eastern campaign for Republican nomination for President with address before 3,500 persons in Kismet Temple, Brooklyn, New York.

January 29.—Governor Talmadge of Georgia called upon to run for President by 3,500 Southern Democrats at "Grass Roots" Convention at Macon; representatives from seventeen southern States join in attack on Roosevelt.

Total of 14,540 women eligible for bonus payments under Adjusted Service Certificate legislation, according to announcement by War and Navy Departments.

United States Navy gunboat *Erie*, under construction at estimated cost of $2,000,000, floated at New York Navy Yard, Brooklyn.

January 30.—President Roosevelt passes quiet birthday at White House while 5,000,000 persons dance at balls held in 6,000 towns and cities in his honor and as benefits to finance fight against infantile paralysis.

Delegates of United Mine Workers of America, at Convention in Washington, vote power to John L. Lewis, President, and the Executive Board to sever or retain affiliation with A. F. of L., according to the Board's judgment; authorize withholding of $48,000 dues from the Federation.

Philip A. S. Franklin, for more than thirty years a leading figure in American shipping world, resigns Presidency of International Mercantile Marine Company; he will remain active as Chairman of Board; his son, John M. Franklin, elected President.

January 31.—Spectacular fire sweeps wholesale district of Paducah, Kentucky, wrecking half-block of brick buildings and threatening city's water plant.

National Committee on Safety at Sea demands that Congress strengthen Federal Steamboat Inspection Service, both in personnel and equipment, in effort to protect Americans at sea.

Twenty Negro convicts burned to death at Scottsboro, Alabama, in prison truck destroyed when gasoline slopped from a drum into fire they had built in vehicle to keep warm.

WHAT'S THE NAME, PLEASE?

Cabaud—steamship executive (p. 32)—drop final *d: cab'oh.*

Cholmondeley—Marquess of; Lord Chamberlain to Edward VIII—

You ask for the name of Lord *Cholmondeley;*
I ponder the matter quite *dolmondeley;*
For surely you know it,
And don't need a poet
To say that it rimes well with *comely.*

Donat—actor: a correction—he's not French, but British; it's pronounced *dough-nat.*

Le Boutillier—vice-president, Pennsylvania R.R.—as if spelled *lee-boo'tee-yay.*

Leche—Nominee for Governor of Louisiana—drop *f* from *flesh: lesh.*

Roerich—botanical artist—*roer* rimes with *fur*, then the German *ich: rur'ich.*

Turneaure—engineering educator and writer—rimes with *pur-su'er: tur-new'er.*

Van Sweringen—railway magnate—hard *g* as in *gain: van-sware'in-gen.*

Vauclain—locomotive builder—stress first syllable: *vo'clane.*

Veblen—mathematician—*veb* rimes with *web: veb'len.*

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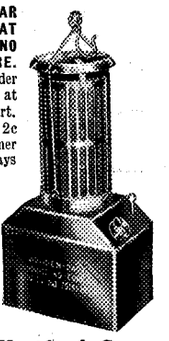

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NO MORE NUISANCE OR DANGER

Easy to connect Walco Aerial Eliminator, in 2 minutes without tools! Ends all danger of lightning, storms, short circuits. No more clicks and noise from wind and rain. NOW you can hook up radio in any room. No wires show.

SEND NO MONEY **Only $1**

Try It 5 Days at Our Risk

Merely mail the coupon. No money necessary now. When delivered pay postman $1, plus few cents postage. If not delighted, return it in 5 days—your $1 refunded at once.

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Send Walco Aerial Eliminator, with instructions. Will pay postman $1 plus few cents postage. If not delighted will return in 5 days for $1 refund.

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The Spice of Life

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Social Note.—Social tact is making your company feel at home, even tho you wish they were.—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

No Time to Ponder.—COCKNEY WOMAN (charged with assaulting her husband)—"I asked 'im if 'e loved me, an' 'e was so long thinkin' about it that I 'it 'im with a mop."—*Troy (N. Y.) Times Record.*

Obliging.—FAT MAN (in a movie to little boy sitting behind him)—"Can't you see, little fellow?"

LITTLE FELLOW—"Not a thing."

FAT MAN—"Then keep your eye on me and laugh when I do."—*Springfield Daily Republican.*

Bad Investment.—Mefoofsky was induced to buy a horse. He discovered that the initial investment wasn't the worst of it. The horse's appetite was terrific. Mefoof complained to a friend. "And wot's de matter vit diss huss?" asked the pal.

"He itts epples," shrieked Mefoofsky, "like dey grow hon trees!"—*Walter Winchell (N. Y. Daily Mirror).*

Same Idea.—The mighty engines of the liner throbbed ceaselessly. The chief engineer wiped a perspiring forehead as he scowled at the pale-faced young man with the oil-can.

"Look here," he growled, "you aren't helping me much with these engines. I understood you knew something about the game."

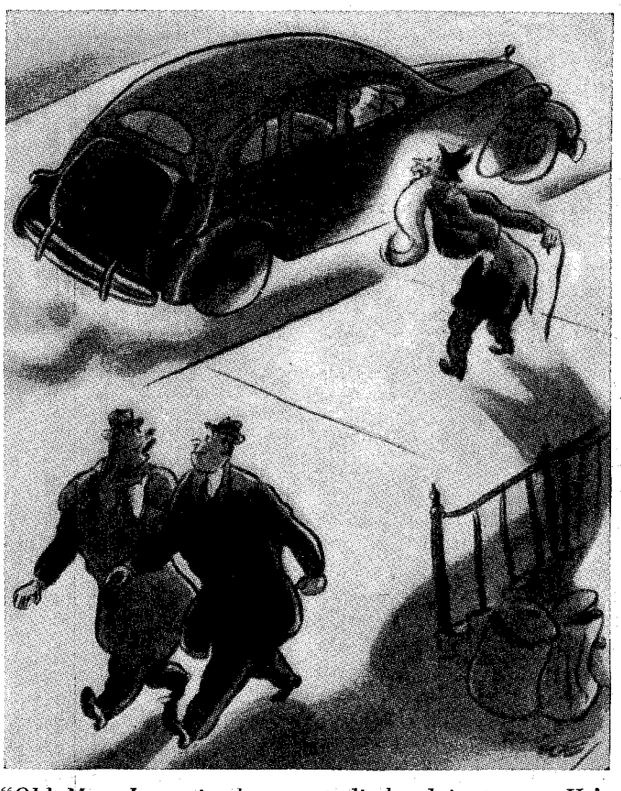
"So I do," stammered the other, "but on a smaller scale, you know."

"What's your usual job?"

"Watch repairing."—*El Paso World News.*

No Santa Claus for Her.—You know, of course, about Paul Whiteman's four-year-old daughter, Sugar Plum. But did you hear about her on Christmas Eve? Paul hired a Santa Claus suit, with beard, and was to imitate Saint Nick. The people inside held Sugar Plum up to the window and she saw a vast, red-suited mountain coming up the walk. It scared her a little, but she was game and kept staring at the apparition. Just before he got to the door, Paul slipped and hit the icy sidewalk. There was a terrible crash, followed by strong language.

They whisked Sugar Plum away from the window quick and hustled her into bed. As her mother was turning out the lights, the child said, "That man ought to be ashamed talking like that in front of children, but he looks cold, so ask him in and give him a cup of coffee."—*Beau Broadway in New York Morning Telegraph.*



"Old Man Jones is the worst die-hard in town. He's still yelling 'Get a horse!'"

—*Roland Coe in* Colliers

Surprize.—"Who was that pretty little thing I saw you with last night?"

"Will you promise not to tell my wife?"

"Surely, I promise."

"Well, it was my wife."—*Dagens Nyheter (Stockholm).*

Starting at the Bottom.—"When I was a boy," said a gray-haired physician, who was in a reminiscent mood, "I wanted to be a soldier, but my parents persuaded me to study medicine."

"Oh, well," consoled his sympathetic neighbor, "such is life. Many a man with wholesale ambitions has to content himself with a retail business."—*Grit (Sydney, Australia).*

Easily Patched Up.—"What are you doing now?"

"I have found a new circus turn—the friendship of a lion and a goat."

"But aren't there quarrels between them?"

"Oh, yes, they have their little quarrels, but then we buy a new goat."—*Everybody's Weekly (London).*

Just a Game.—A New York four has beaten a London four at bridge. London Bridge is falling down.—*Punch (London).*

Higher Education.—FARMER BROWN—"What did your son learn at college?"

FARMER GREEN—"Wal, he hadn't been home a week before he showed me how to open bottles with a half dollar."—*Central of Georgia Magazine.*

Problem.—GEORGIA LAWYER (to colored prisoner)—"Well, Rastus, so you want me to defend you? Have you got any money?"

RASTUS—"No, suh. I hain't got no money, but I got 1922 Fo'd cah."

LAWYER—"Well, you can raise money on that. Now let's see—just what do they accuse you of stealing?"

RASTUS—"A 1922 Fo'd cah."—*Toronto Globe.*

Slips That Pass in the Type

Homicidal Hen.—The car speeded away after the hen fired, he said.—*Youngstown (O.) paper.*

Green on Tuesday?—LOST—A black hat trimmed with red on Monday. Please return to Mrs. ——.—*Juneau (Alaska) paper.*

The Mystery of Mascara.—The accompanying article concerns Dr. A—— C——'s explorations in the field of the cosmetic ray.—*Wooster (O.) paper.*

The Roman Arena?—

SLAYER LOSES PLEA
TO ESCAPE MOOSE

—*San Francisco (Cal.) paper*

Yellow Peril.—Prince Teh, last powerful descendant of Genghis Kahn who poured his Mongolian hordes across Europe, has injunction halting enforcement of the California "Little AAA" act.—*El Centro (Cal.) paper.*

Fit for a King.—Stir in about two-thirds of the buttered and floured muffin pans and bake 25 minutes in a hot oven (400 degrees F.).—*Washington (D. C.) paper.*

Revenge Slated.—

DOZEN INJURED
BUY BOMBS ON
ELECTION EVE

—*Lakeland (Fla.) paper.*

Prodigious Stogie.—The Governor smoked a cigar during the interview and despite its length, appeared unfatigued at its conclusion, altho it had delayed his lunch nearly an hour.—*St. Paul (Minn.) paper.*

We Don't Blame Him.—"I am going to kill myself. I am going to stand on a bridge, bind myself with this 200 feet of wife, attach weights to my feet, shoot myself with this 200 feet of wire, never be seen again. I'm discouraged about life."—*Alexandria (La.) paper.*

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"I've Got to Have Hydraulic Brakes!"

CERTIFIED INTERVIEW WITH ROBERT H. GREENE, HEAD OF GREENE'S AUTO DRIVING SCHOOL, WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.

"Beginners need a fool-proof car . . . that's why I teach them in a Plymouth"

TEACHING PEOPLE to drive, Robert H. Greene knows, requires a car that's safe.

And, for this job, Mr. Greene again picks Plymouth.

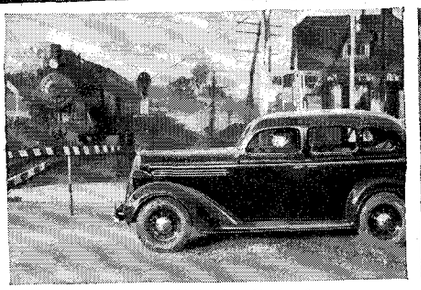
"This 1936 Plymouth is easier to handle than any car I've ever had," he says. "But the great thing is the safety of Plymouth's genuine hydraulic brakes."

Mr. Greene drove his previous Plymouth nearly 65,000 miles with *no major repairs*. No wonder he picked another Plymouth!

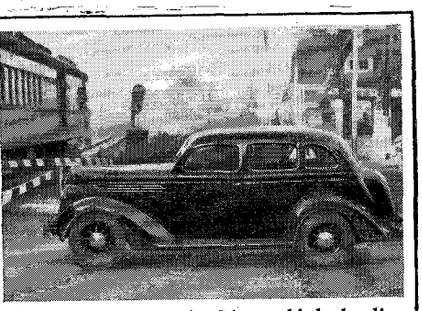
See for yourself the economy, comfort, reliability *and* safety of this big, 1936 Plymouth. Ask your Chrysler, Dodge or De Soto dealer to arrange a test!

PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORP.

"TEACHING THEM TO DRIVE, means teaching them safety first," says Robert H. Greene.



"PLYMOUTH'S 100% hydraulic brakes are one of this amazing car's greatest advantages."



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6% TIME PAYMENT PLAN
Available through all PLYMOUTH Dealers
You pay for credit accommodation only ½ of 1% per month on your original unpaid balance. To arrive at your original unpaid balance: 1. Add cost of insurance to cost of car.* 2. Deduct down payment — cash or trade-in.
Result is *Original Unpaid Balance.*
*In some states a small legal documentary fee is required.
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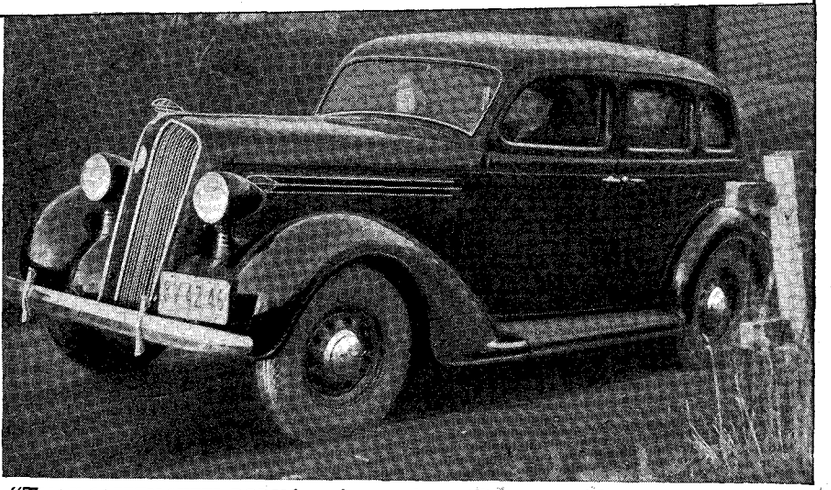

"THAT SAFETY-STEEL BODY is real protection . . . for veteran driver or beginner!" Mr. Greene in his beautiful, big 1936 Plymouth (the de luxe 4-door touring sedan model).

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

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